LITTLE JOURNEYS

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LITTLE JOURNEYS

TO THE HOMES OF

Great Reformers

VOL. XX



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GREAT REFORMERS

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JOHN WESLEY

MY horse was very lame, and my head did ache exceedingly. Now what occurred I here avow is truth—let each man account for it as he will. Suddenly I thought, "Cannot God heal man or beast as He will?" Immediately my weariness and headache ceased; and my horse was no longer lame. —WESLEY'S JOURNAL



NCE in a speech on "The Increase of Population," Edmund Burke intimated his sympathy with Malthus, and among other interesting data made note that Susanna Wesley was the twenty-fourth child of her parents. Burke, however, neglected to state how many sisters and brothers Susanna had who were younger than herself, and also what would have been the result on church history had the parents of Susanna named their twenty-third child Omega.

John Wesley was the fifteenth child in a family of nineteen. And yet the mother did her own work, thus eliminating the servant girl problem, and found time to preach better sermons to larger congregations than did her husband. Four of Susanna's children became famous—John, Charles, Samuel and Martha.

John rebuked and challenged the smug, self-satisfied and formal religion of the time; had every church door locked against him; sympathized with the American Colonies in their struggle for freedom; and founded a denomination, which to-day is second only in wealth and numbers to one alone.

John Wesley left no children after the flesh, but his

influence has colored the entire fabric of Christianity. There is no denomination but that has been benefited and bettered by his beautiful spirit.

Charles Wesley was the greatest producer of hymns the world has ever seen, having written over six thousand songs, and re-written most of the Bible in lyric form. He was "the brother of John Wesley," and delighted all his life in being so called. No one ever called John Wesley the brother of Charles. John had a will like a rope of silk—it slackened but never broke. He was resourceful, purposeful, courageous, direct, healthy, handsome, wise, witty, happy; and he rode on horseback, blazing the way for many from darkness into light. Charles followed.

Three of the children of Charles Wesley became great musicians, and one of them was the best organist of his time in England.

The third noted brother in this remarkable family was Samuel, who was thirteen years older than John and exercised his prerogative to pooh-pooh him all his life. Samuel was an educated high churchman, a Latin scholar, and a poet of quality. Samuel always had his dignity with him. He wrote and published essays, epics, and histories of nobodies; but of all his writings, the only thing from his pen that is now read and enjoyed is a letter of remonstrance to his mother because he hears that she has joined "Jack's congregation of Methodists and is a renegade from the true

religion." Needless to say the "true religion" to Samuel was the religion in which he believed—all others were false. Samuel being an educated churchman did not know that all religions are true to the people who believe in them.

The fourth Wesley of note was Martha, who looked so much like her brother John, that occasionally, in merry mood, she dressed herself in his cassock and surplice, and suddenly appearing before the family deceived them all until she spoke. Martha was the only girl in the brood who was heir to her mother's mind. Had she lived in this age she would have made for herself a career. A contemporary says, "She could preach like a man," a remark, I suppose, meant to be complimentary. In one respect she excelled any of the Wesleys—she had a sense of humor that never forsook her. John usually was able to laugh; Charles smiled at rare intervals; and Samuel never. As it was, Martha married and was swallowed by the conventions, for the times subdue us, and society takes individuality captive and binds it hand and foot with green withes.

But the times did not subdue John Wesley—he was the original circuit-rider, and his steed was a Pegasus that took the fences of orthodoxy at a bound, often to the great consternation and grief of theological squatters. He was regarded as peculiar, eccentric, strange, extravagant, just as any man ever has been and would

be to-day who attempted to pattern his life after that of the Christ. Perhaps it is needless to say that the followers of John Wesley do not much resemble him, indeed not more so than they resemble Jesus of Nazareth. John Wesley and Jesus had very much in common. But should a man of the John Wesley pattern appear, say in one of the fashionable Methodist churches of Chicago, the organist would drown him out on request of the pastor; and the janitor with three fingers under his elbow, would lead him to the door while the congregation sang "Pull for the Shore."



ULIA WEDGWOOD, daughter of Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood, and sister to the mother of Darwin, wrote a life of John Wesley. In this book Miss Wedgwood says, "The followers of a leader are always totally different from the leader." The difference between a leader and a follower is this: a leader leads and a follower follows. The shepherd is a man, but sheep are sheep. As a rule followers follow as far as the path is good, but at the first bog they balk. Betrayers, doubters and

those who deny with an oath, are always recruited from the ranks of the followers. In a sermon John Wesley once said, "To adopt and live a life of simplicity and service for mankind is difficult; but to follow the love of luxury, making a clutch for place, pelf and power, labeling Paganism Christianity, and imagining you are a follower of Christ, this is easy. Yet all through life we see that the reward is paid for the difficult task. And now I summon you to a life of difficulty, not merely for the sake of the reward, but because the life of service is the righteous life—the right life—the life that leads to increased life and increased light."



MOST remarkable woman was Susanna Wesley. The way she wound her mind into the minds of her sons, John and Charles, was as beautiful as it was extraordinary. Very few parents ever really get acquainted with their offspring. Parents who fail to keep their promises with their children and who prevaricate to them, have children that are secretive and sly. But often no one person is to

blame, for children do not necessarily have any spiritual or mental relationship to their parents—their minds are not attuned to the same key—they are not on the same wire.

Indeed, even with the great Susanna Wesley, there was a close and confiding intimacy only with two of her brood. John Wesley has written, "I cannot remember ever having kept back a doubt from my mother—she was the one heart to whom I went in absolute confidence, from my babyhood until the day of her death."

The Epworth Parsonage where John Wesley was born was both a house and a school ☙ Probably the mother centered her life on John and Charles because they responded to her love in a way the others did not. In the year 1709, the parsonage burned, with a very close call for little John who was asleep in one of the upper chambers. The home being destroyed the family was farmed out among the neighbors until the house could be rebuilt. John was sent to the home of a neighboring clergyman, ten miles away. After a week we find him writing to his mother asking her if she has lost a little boy, because if so he is the boy—a most gentle way of reminding her that she had not written to him. At this time he was but six years old, yet we see his ability to write a letter. This peculiar letter is the earliest in a long correspondence between mother and son. Mrs. Wesley preserved these letters,

just as the mother of Whitman treasured the letters of Walt with a solicitude that seems tinged with the romantic. Much of the correspondence between John Wesley and his mother has been published, and in it we see the intimate touch of absolute mental undress where heart speaks to heart in abandon and self-forgetfulness ☙ The person who reaches this stage in correspondence has passed beyond the commonplace. This formulation of thought for another is the one exercise that gives mental evolution or education.

John Wesley was sent to Charterhouse School when he was eleven years old, and he remained there for six years, when he went to Oxford ☙ So after his twelfth year he was denied the personal companionship of his mother, but every day he wrote to her—sometimes just a line or two, and then at the end of the week the letter was forwarded.

In his later years Wesley did not think that either the "Charity School" or Oxford where he went on a scholarship, had benefited him excepting by way of antithesis; but the correspondence with his mother was the one sweet influence of his life that could not be omitted. Their separation only increased the bond. We grow by giving; we make things our own by reciting them; thought comes thru action and reaction; and happy is the man who has a sympathetic soul to whom he can outpour his own. When Charles Kingsley was asked to name the secret of his insight and

power, he paused, and then answered, "I had a friend!" ☙ ☙

John Wesley had a friend; incidentally that friend was his mother. She died when he was thirty-nine years of age; after he had learned to wing his way on steady pinions. And in the flight she was not left behind.

We are familiar with the lives of many great men, but where among them all can you name a genius whose mother's mind matched his, even in his maturity?

THE primitive Christian is a reactionary product of his time. Humanity continuing in one direction acquires success, and finally thru an overweening pride in its own powers, relaxation enters, and self-indulgence takes the place of effort. No religion is pure except in its inception and in its state of persecution. ¶ A religion grown great and rich and powerful becomes sloth and swag, its piety being performed perfunk; and then ceases to be a religion at all. It is merely an institution.

Religions multiply by the budding process. Every new

denomination is an off-shoot from a parent stem. "A new religion" is a contradiction in terms—there is only one religion in the world. A brand new religion would wither and die as soon as the sun came out. ¶ New denominations begin with a protest against the lapses and grossness of the established one, and the baby religion feeds and lives on the other until it has grown strong enough to break off and live a life of its own. Buds are being broken off all the time, but only a few live; the rest die because they lack vitality. That is why all things die—I trust no one will dispute the fact. ¶ Christian Science, for instance, appropriated two great things from the parent stock—the word "Christian," and the Oxford binding, which made "Science and Health" look just like the Bible. One could carry it on the street as he went to church without fear of accusation that he was on the way to the circulating library. It fulfilled the psychological requirments. ¶ John Wesley retained the word "Episcopal" for the new denomination, and he also retained the gown and tippet. And it was near a hundred years before the denomination had grown to a point where it could afford to omit the gown—and possibly its omission was an error then.





F UNIVERSITY education at this time let Miss Wedgwood speak:

We can hardly wonder that the time spent at Oxford was to a man like Gibbon, "the most idle and unprofitable period of his life," to use his own words. Even under the very different system which prevailed in the early portion of the present century, one of the most fertile thinkers of our day has been heard to speak of his university career as the only completely idle interval of his life. How often it may have proved not a mere episode, but the foundation of a life of idleness, no human being can tell. Nor was the evil merely negative. While the student lounged away his time in the coffee-house and the tavern, whilst the dice-box supplied him with a serious pursuit, and the bottle a relaxation, he was called upon at every successive step to his degree to take a solemn oath of observance to the academical statutes which his behavior infringed in every particular. While the public professors received a thousand pounds a year for giving no lectures, the candidates for degrees were obliged to ask and pay for a dispensation for not having attended the lectures that never were given. The system in every public declaration solemnly recognized and accepted was in every private action utterly defied. Whatever the Oxford graduate omitted to learn, he would not fail to acquire a ready facility in subscribing, with solemn attestations, pro-

fessions which he violated without hesitation or regret. The Thirty-nine Articles were signed on matriculation, without any attempt to understand them. "Our venerable mother," says the great historian from whom we have already quoted, "had contrived to unite the opposite extremes of bigotry and indifference;" and these blended influences, which led Gibbon first to Rome, and then to scepticism, proved no doubt to the average mind a mere narcotic to all spiritual life. Gibbon is not the only great writer who has recorded his testimony against Hanoverian Oxford. Adam Smith in that work which has been called, with pardonable exaggeration, "the most important book that ever was written," the "Wealth of Nations," has, in the following remarks on universities, evidently incorporated his anything but loving recollections of the seven years which he spent at Balliol College. "In the University of Oxford the greater part of the professors have for these many years given up even the pretence of teaching. The discipline is in general contrived not for the benefit of students, but for the interest, or, more properly speaking, for the ease of the masters. In England the public schools are less corrupted than the universities; the youth there are, or at least may be taught Greek and Latin, which is everything the masters pretend to teach. In the university the youth neither are, nor can be taught the sciences which it is the business of those incorporated bodies to teach." It is the last statement to which attention is here directed. It is not that the university drew up a bad program, not even that this scheme was badly carried out. That might be the case also; but the radical vice of the system was not that it was essentially incomplete in theory or faulty in

practice, but that it was false. Its worst result was not poor scholars, but insincere and venal men.

I believe Europe cannot produce parallels to Oxford and Cambridge in opulence, buildings, libraries, professorships, scholarships, and all the external dignity and mechanical apparatus of learning. If there is an inferiority, it is in the persons, not in the places or their constitution. And here I cannot help confessing that a desire to please the great, and bring them to the universities, causes a compliance with fashionable manners, a relaxation of discipline, and a connivance at ignorance and folly, which errors he confesses occasioned the English universities to be in less repute than they were formerly ☙ The fashion of sending young men thither was even in some degree abated among that class who at the present day would be the most reluctant to omit it—the nobility. The useless and frivolous exercises required for the attainment of academic honors, and the relaxation of discipline, had by this time created a wide-spread and deeply-felt contempt for the whole system of which they formed a part; and the indulgent but candid observer, who tries to dilute his censure with the truism that he could not have been placed anywhere in this sublunary world without discovering many evils, informs us that in his seven years' residence at the university he saw immorality, habitual drunkenness, idleness, ignorance and vanity openly and boastfully obtruding themselves on public view, and triumphing without control over the timidity of modest merit.

It is under such conditions that the strong man of right intent rebukes the sloth and hypocrisy of his time. Very seldom, if ever, does he faintly guess the

result of his protest. Jesus rebuked the iniquities and follies of Jerusalem, pleading for simple honesty, directness of speech and love of neighbor. In wrath the Pharisees made the usual double charge against Him —heresy and treason—and He was crucified.

Heresy and treason are invoked together; one is an offense against the Church, the other against the State. "The man is a traitor to God and a traitor to his country," that settles it—off with his head! The offenses of Socrates, Jesus, Savonarola, Huss, Wyclif, Tyndale, Luther and John Wesley were all identical. Reformers are always guilty—guilty of telling unpleasant truths. The difference in treatment of the man is merely the result of a difference in time and local environment.

Oxford was professedly a religious institution; it was a part of the State. John Wesley, the undergraduate, perceived it was in great degree a place of idleness and dissipation. John wrote to his mother describing the conditions. She wrote back, pleading that he keep his life free from the follies that surrounded him, and band those who felt as he did into a company and meet together for prayer and meditation in order that they might mutually sustain each other.

Susanna Wesley was the true founder of Methodism, a fact stated by John Wesley many a time.

As early as 1709, she wrote to her son, Samuel, who was then at Oxford, and who was never converted from

Oxford influences, "My son, you must remember that life is our divine gift—it is the talent given us by Our Father in Heaven. I request that you throw the business of your life into a certain method, and thus save the friction of making each day anew. Arise early, go to bed at a certain hour, eat at stated times, pray, read and study by a method, and so get the most out of the moments as they swiftly pass, never to return. Allow yourself so much time for sleep, so much for private devotion, so much for recreation. Above all my son, act on principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who float thru the world like straws upon a river." ¶ In hundreds of her letters to John and Charles at Oxford their mother repeats this advice in varying phrase: "We are creatures of habit; we must cultivate good habits, for they soon master us, and we must be controlled by that which is good. Life is very precious—we must give it back to God some day, so let us get the most from it. Let us methodize the hours, so we may best improve them."

John Wesley was a leader by nature, and before he was twenty he had gathered about him at Oxford a little group of young men, poor in purse, but intent in purpose, who held themselves aloof from the foibles and follies of the place, and planned their lives after that of the Christ. In ridicule they were called Methodists. The name stuck. ¶ In this year of grace, 1907, there are over thirty million Methodists, and about

seven million in America. The denomination owns property to the value of over three hundred million dollars in the United States; and has over one hundred thousand paid preachers.



FTER Wesley's graduation he was importuned by the authorities to remain and act as tutor and teacher at Christchurch College ☙ He was a diligent student and his example was needed to hold in check the hilarious propensities of the sons of nobility.

In due time John was ordained to preach, and often he would read prayers at neighboring chapels. His brother Charles was his devoted echo and shadow. Then there was an enthusiastic youth by the name of George Whitefield, and a sober, serious young man, James Hervy, who stood by the Oxford Methodists and endured without resentment the sarcastic smiles of the many.

These young men organized committees to visit the sick; to search out poor and despondent students and give them aid and encouragement; to visit the jails and workhouses. The intent was to pattern their lives

after that of the apostles. They were all very poor, but their wants were few, and when John Wesley's income was thirty pounds a year he gave two pounds for charity. When it was sixty pounds a year he gave away thirty pounds; and here seems a good place to say that although he made over a hundred thousand pounds during his life from his books, he died penniless, just as he had wished and intended.

Thus matters stood in the year 1735, when James Oglethorpe was attracted to that Oxford group of ascetic enthusiasts.

The life of Oglethorpe reads like a novel by James Fenimore Cooper. He was of aristocratic birth, born of an Irish mother, with a small bar sinister on his 'scutcheon that pushed him out and set him apart. He was a graduate of Oxford and it was on a visit to his Alma Mater that he heard some sarcastic remarks flung off about the Wesleys that seemed to commend them. People hotly denounced usually have a deal of good in them. Oglethorpe was an officer in the army, a philanthropist, a patron of art, and a soldier of fortune. He had been a member of Parliament, and at this particular time was Colonial Governor of Georgia, home on a visit.

He had investigated Newgate and other prisons and had brought charges against the keepers and succeeded in bringing their inhumanities before the public. Hogarth has a picture of Oglethorpe visiting a prison

with the poor wretches flocking around him telling their woes. In a good many instances prisoners were given their liberty on the promise of Oglethorpe that he would take them to his colony. The heart of Oglethorpe was with the troubled and distressed; and while his philanthropy was more on the order of that of Jack Cade than it was Christian, yet he at once saw the excellence in the Wesleys, and strong man that he was, wished to make their virtue his own. He proposed that the Wesleys should go back with him to America and evolve an ideal commonwealth.

Oglethorpe had with him several Indians that he had brought over from America. They were proud, silent and had the reserve of their kind. Moreover they were six feet high and when presented at court wore no clothes to speak of.

King George II. when presented to these sons of the forest appeared like a pigmy. Oglethorpe knew how to march his forces on an angle. London society went mad trying to get a glimpse of his savages. He declared that the North American Indians were the finest specimens, intellectually, physically and morally of any people the world had ever seen. They needed only one thing to make them perfect—Christianity.

¶ The Wesleys, discouraged by the small impress they had made on Oxford, listened to Oglethorpe's arguments and accepted his terms. Charles was engaged as secretary to the governor and John Wesley was to

go as a missionary. ¶ And so they sailed away to America. On board ship they methodized the day—had prayers, sang hymns and studied, read, exhorted and wrote as if it were their last day on earth. This method excited the mirth of several scions of nobility who were on board and Oglethorpe opened out on the scoffers thus, "Here, you damned pirates, you do not know these people. They forget more in an hour than you ever knew. You take them for tithe-pig parsons, when they are gentlemen of learning and like myself, graduates of Oxford. I am one of them, I would have you know. I am a religious man and a Methodist, too, and I'll knock hell out of anybody who, after this, smiles at either my friends or my religion!"

Long years after Wesley told this story to illustrate the fact that a man might give an intellectual assent to a religion and yet not have much of it in his heart. ¶ Oglethorpe looked upon Methodism as a good thing —cheaper than a police system—and sure to bring good results. If John Wesley and George Whitefield could convert his colony and all of the Indians round about, his work of governing would be much reduced. ¶ Oglethorpe was a very practical man.



JOHN WESLEY did not convert the Indians, because he could not find them, they being away on wars with the other tribes. Besides that he could not speak their language and was wholly unused to their ways. The Indian does not unbosom himself to those who do not know him, and the few Indians Wesley saw were stubbornly set in the idea that they had quite as good a religion as his. And Wesley was persuaded that probably they had.

In the city of Savannah there were just five hundred and eighteen people when John Wesley was there. About half of these were degenerate sons of aristocrats, ex-convicts, soldiers of fortune and religious enthusiasts—the rest were plain, every-day folk ❧ Pioneer people are too intent on maintaining life to go into the abstrusities of either ethics or theology. Wesley soon saw that his powers demanded a wider field ❧ ❧

The experience, tho, had done him much good, especially in two ways. He had gotten a glimpse of chattel slavery and made a remark about it that is forever fixed in literature, "Human slavery is the sum of all villainies." Then he had met on shipboard a party of

Moravians, and was so impressed by them that he straightway began to study German. In six weeks' time he could carry on an acceptable conversation in that language. At the end of the two years which he spent in Georgia, through attending the services of the Moravians, he could read, write and preach in the German language.

The Moravians seemed to him the only genuine Christians he had ever seen, and their example of simple faith, industry, directness of speech and purity of life made such an impress upon him that thereafter Methodism and Moravianism were closely akin.

At Savannah there were some people too poor to afford shoes and when these people appeared at church in bare feet they were smiled at by the alleged nobility. Seeing this, on the following Sunday, John Wesley appeared barefoot in the pulpit, and this was his habit as long as he was in Georgia. This gave much offence to the aristocrats; and Wesley also made himself obnoxious by preaching salvation to the slaves. Indeed this was the main cause of his misunderstanding with the governor. Oglethorpe considered any discussion or criticism of slavery "an interference with property rights."

And so Wesley sailed back to England, sobered by a sense of failure, but encouraged by the example of the Moravians, who accepted whatever Providence sent, and counted it gain.

The overseers of Oxford, like Oglethorpe, had no special personal sympathy with the peculiar ideas of Wesley, but as a matter of policy they recognized that his influence in the great educational center was needed for moral ballast. And so his services were secured as Greek Professor and occasional preacher.

Concerning the moral status of Oxford at this time Miss Wedgwood further says:

The condition of Oxford at the time of the rise of Methodism has been too little noted among those who have studied the great Evangelical Revival. Contemplating this important movement in its latter stage, they have forgotten that it took its rise in the attempt made by an Oxford tutor to bring back to the national institution for education something of that method which was at this time so disgracefully neglected. To surround a young man with illustrations of one kind of error is the inevitable preparation for making him a vehement partisan of its opposite, and in education the influence on which we can reckon most certainly is that of reaction. The hard external code and needless restrictions of Methodism should be regarded with reference to what Wesley saw in the years he spent in that abode of talent undirected and folly unrestrained.

It was to the Oxford here described—the Oxford where Gibbon and Adam Smith wasted the best years of their lives, and many of their unremembered contemporaries following in their steps with issues not less disastrous to themselves, however unimportant to others,—to the Oxford where young men swore to observe laws they never read, and renewed a solemn promise when

they had discovered the impossibility of keeping it,—that Wesley, about a score of years after his entrance to the University, poured forth from the pulpit of St. Mary's such burning words as must have reached many a conscience in the congregation.

"Let me ask you," he said in his university sermon for 1744, "in tender love and in the spirit of meekness, is this a Christian city? Are we, considered as a community of men, so filled with the Holy Ghost as to enjoy in our hearts, and show forth in our lives, the genuine fruits of that Spirit? I entreat you to observe that here are no peculiar notions now under consideration: that the question is not concerning doubtful opinions, but concerning the undoubted fundamental branches (if there be any such) of our common Christianity. And for the decision thereof I appeal unto your own consciences. In the presence of the great God, before whom both you and I shall shortly appear, I pray you that are in authority over us, whom I reverence for the sake of your office, to consider (and that not after the manner of dissemblers with God), are you living portraitures of Him whom ye are appointed to represent among men? Do you put forth all your strength in the vast work you have undertaken? Let it not be said that I speak here as if all under your care were intended to be clergymen. Not so: I speak only as if they were intended to be Christians. But what example is set us by those who enjoy the beneficence of our forefathers, by Fellows, Students, Scholars, and more especially those who are of some rank and eminence? Do ye, who are of some rank and eminence—do ye, brethren, abound in the fruits of the Spirit, in holiness of mind, in self-denial and mortification, in seriousness and composure of spirit,

in patience, meekness, sobriety, temperance; and in unwearied, restless endeavors to do good to all men? Is this the general character of Fellows of Colleges? I fear it is not. Rather have not pride and haughtiness, impatience and peevishness, sloth and indolence, gluttony and sensuality been objected to us, perhaps not always by our enemies, nor wholly without ground? Many of us are more immediately consecrated to God, called to minister in holy things. Are we then patterns to the rest in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity? Did we indeed enter on this office with a single eye to serve God, trusting that we were inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon us this ministration, for the promoting of His glory, and the edifying of His people? Where are the seals of our apostleship? Who that were dead in trespasses and sins have been quickened by our word? Have we a burning zeal to save souls from death? Are we dead to the world and the things of the world? When we are smitten on one cheek, do we not resent it, or do we turn the other also, not resisting evil, but overcoming evil with good? Have we a bitter zeal, inciting us to strive sharply and passionately with those that are out of the way? Or is our zeal the flame of love, so as to direct all our words with sweetness, lowliness and meekness of wisdom?

¶ Once more: what shall we say of the youth of this place? Have you either the form or the power of Christian godliness? Are you diligent in your business, pursuing your studies with all your strength? Do you redeem the time, crowding as much work into every day as it can contain? Rather, are ye not conscious that you waste day after day either in reading that which has no tendency to Christianity, or in gaming, or in —you know not what? Are you better managers of

your fortune than of your time? Do you take care to owe no man anything? Do you know how to possess your bodies in sanctification and honour? Are no drunkenness and uncleanness found among you? Yea, are there not many of you who glory in your shame? Are there not a multitude of you that are foresworn? I fear, a swiftly increasing multitude. Be not surprised, brethren—before God and this congregation I own myself to have been of the number solemnly swearing to observe all those customs which I then knew nothing of, and all those statutes which I did not so much as read over, either then, or for a long time afterwards. What is perjury, if this is not? But if it be, oh what a weight of sin, yea, sin of no common dye lieth upon us! And doth not the Most High regard it?

May it not be a consequence of this that so many of you are a generation of triflers with God, with one another, and your own souls? Who of you is, in any degree, acquainted with the work of the Spirit, His supernatural work in the souls of men? Can you bear, unless now and then in a church, any talk of the Holy Ghost? Would you not take it for granted if any one began such a conversation, that it was hypocrisy or enthusiasm? In the name of the Lord God Almighty I ask, What religion are ye of?"

We may hope that, even in that cold and worldly age, there was more than one in St. Mary's church whose conscience was awakened so to re-echo that question that he joined with his whole soul in the prayer with which the sermon concluded: "Lord, save or we perish! Take us out of the mire that we sink not. Unto Thee all things are possible. According to the greatness of Thy power, preserve Thou them that are appointed to die!"



HE fervor of Wesley's zeal gave offense to the prim and precise parsons who recited their prayers by aid of a T-square ☙ ☙

To them religion was a matter of form, but to Wesley it was an experience of the heart. From the Moravians he had acquired the habit of interjecting prayers into his sermons—from speaking to the people, he would suddenly change, raise his eyes aloft and speak directly to Deity. This to many devout Churchmen was blasphemous. Of course the trouble was that it was simply new—we always resent an innovation. "Did you ever see anything like that?" And the fact that we have not is proof that it is absurd, preposterous, bad.

Wesley went one day to hold evening prayers at a village church near Oxford. His fame had preceded him: the worthy warden securely locked the doors and deposited the key in the capacious depths of his breeches pocket and went a-fishing. Several old women were waiting to attend the service, and rather than send them away, Wesley, standing on the church steps, read prayers and spoke. It was rather an unusual scene, and the unusual attracts. Loafers from

the tavern across the way came over, children gathered in little groups, people who never entered a place of worship stopped and listened. Some laughed, others looked serious, and most of them remained to the close of the meeting.

Thus does everything work together for good for everybody. The warden and his astute vestrymen thought to block the work of Wesley, and Wesley did the only thing he could—spoke outside of the church, and thus did he speak to the hearts of people who had never been inside the church and who would not go inside the building. Street preaching was not the invention of John Wesley, but up to his time no clergyman in the Church of England had attempted so undignified a thing.

Wesley was doing what his mother had done the very year he was born. She had preached to the people of the village of Epworth in the churchyard, because forsooth, the chancel was a sacred place and would suffer if any one but a man, duly anointed, spoke there. The woman had a message and did the only thing she could—spoke outside, and spoke to two hundred and fifty people while the regular attendance to hear her husband was twenty-five.

And so John Wesley had made a discovery, and that was that to reach the submerged three-quarters, you must make your appeal to them on the street, in the market places—from church steps. His experience on

shipboard and in America had done him good. They had taught him that form and ritual, set time and place, were things not necessary—that whenever two or three were gathered together in His name, He was in their midst.

And it was in preaching to the outcasts that Wesley found himself, and was "converted." He says, "My work in America failed because I had not then given my heart to my Savior."

Now he got the "power," and whether this word means to his followers what it meant to him is a question we need not analyze. Power comes by abandonment—the orator who flings convention to the winds and gives himself to the theme finds power.

The opposition and the ridicule were all very necessary factors in allowing Wesley to find his true self.

He wrote to his mother telling what he was doing and she wrote back giving him her blessing, writing words of encouragement. "Son John must speak the words of love on any and every occasion when the spirit moves," she said.

John Wesley was attracting too much attention to himself at Oxford: there came words of warning from those in authority. To these admonitions he replied that he was a duly ordained clergyman of the Church of England and there was nothing in the canons that forbade his holding services when and where he desired. And then he adds, "To show simple men and

women the way of life and tell them of Him who died that we might live, surely cannot be regarded as an offense. I must continue in my course."

That settled it—Oxford the cultured was not for him. He was a preacher without a pulpit—a teacher without a school.

He saddled his horse and with all his earthly possessions in his saddle-bags, traveled toward London—following that storied road over which almost every great and powerful man of England had traversed.

He was penniless but he owned his horse. He was a horse lover—he delighted in the companionship of a horse, and where the way was rough he would walk and lead the patient animal. It comes to us with a slight shock that the Rev. John Wesley anticipated Col. Budd Doble by saying, "God's best gift to man—a horse!"

So John Wesley rode not knowing where he was going or why, only that Oxford no longer needed him. When he started he was depressed, but after passing the confines of the town, and once out upon the highway with the green fields on either side he lifted up his voice and sang one of his brother's hymns. Exile from Oxford meant liberty.

Arriving at a village he would stand on the church steps, on the street corner, often from a tavern veranda and speak. In his saddle-bags he carried his black robe and white tippet. He could put these on over his

travel-stained clothes and look presentable ☙ His hair was worn long and parted in the middle; his face was cleanly shaved and revealed comely features of remarkable strength.

The man was a commanding figure. People felt the honesty of his presence. The crowd might jeer and catcall, but those who stood near offered no violence. Indeed, more than once the roughs protected him.

He preached of righteousness and judgment to come. He plead for a better life—here and now. And so he traveled, preaching three or four times a day, and riding from twenty to fifty miles ☙ At London he preached on the "heaths" and thousands upon thousands who never entered a church heard him. That phrase, "they came to scoff and remained to pray," is his ☙ ☙

Wesley's oratory was not what is known to us as "the Methodist style." He was quiet, moderate, conversational, but so earnest that his words carried conviction. The man was honest—he wanted nothing —he gave himself.

Such a man today, preaching in the same way, would command marked attention and achieve success.

The impassioned preaching of Whitefield was what gave the "Methodist color." Charles Wesley was much like Whitefield, and was regarded as a greater preacher than his brother because he indulged in more gymnastics, but John was far the greater man.

And so the Great Awakening began; other preachers followed the example of the Wesleys and were preaching in the fields and by the roadside and were organizing "Methodist Societies." But John Wesley was their leader and exemplar.

Neither of the Wesleys nor did Whitefield have any idea at this time of organizing a separate denomination or of running opposition to the Established Church. They belonged to the Church and these "societies" were merely for keeping alive the spiritual flame which had been kindled.

The distinguishing feature of John Wesley's work seemed to be the "class" which he organized wherever possible. This was a school-teacher's idea. There was a leader appointed, and this class of not over ten persons was to meet at least once a week for prayer and praise and to study the Scriptures. Each person present was to take part—to stand on his feet and say something.

In this Wesley was certainly practical—"All must take part, for by so doing the individual grows to feel he is a necessary part of the whole. Even the humblest must read, or pray, or sing, or give testimony to the goodness of God."

And so we get the circuit-rider and see the evolution of the itineracy. And then comes the "local preacher" who was simply a "class leader," "who had gotten the power."

Wesley saw with a clear and steady vision that the paid preacher, the priest with the "living" was an anomaly. To make a business of religion was to miss its essence; just as to make a business of love evolves a degenerate. Our religion should be a part of our daily lives. The circuit-rider was an apostle—he had no home; drew no salary; owned no property; but gave his life without stint to the cause of humanity. It was Wesley's habit to enter a house—any house—and say, "Peace be unto this house." He would hold then and there a short religious service. People were always honored by his presence—even the great and purse-proud, as well as the lowly welcomed him. All he wanted was accommodations for himself and his horse, and these were freely given. He looked after the care of his horse himself, and always the last thing at night he would see that his horse was properly fed and bedded.

One horse he rode for ten years, and when it grew old and lame his grief at having to leave it behind found vent in a flood of tears as he stood with his arms about its neck. Was ever mortal horse so honored? To have carried an honest man a hundred thousand miles, and been an important factor in the Great Awakening. Is there a Horse Heaven? In the state of Washington they say "yes." Perhaps they are right. Often before break of day, before the family was astir, Wesley would be on his way.

AS an argument against absolute innocency in matters of love, the unfortunate marriage of Wesley, at the discreet age of forty-eight has been expressed at length by Bernard Shaw. If Wesley had roamed the world seeking for a vixen for a wife, he could not have chosen better. Mrs. Vazeille was a widow of about Wesley's age—rich, comely, well upholstered. In London he had accepted her offers of hospitality and for ten years had occasionally stopped at her house, so haste cannot be offered as an excuse. The fatal rock was propinquity, and this was evidently not on the good man's chart; neither did he realize the ease and joy with which certain bereaved ladies can operate their lachrymal glands.

On the way down The Foundry steps at night, Wesley slipped and sprained his ankle. He hobbled to the near-by residence of Mrs. Vazeille. On sight of him, the lady burst into tears, and then for the next week proceeded to nurse him.

He was due on the circuit and anxious to get away; he could not ride on horseback, and therefore if he went at all, he must go in a carriage. Mrs. Vazeille had a carriage, but she could not go with him, of

course, unless they were married. ¶ So they were married, and were miserable ever afterward.

Mrs. Wesley was glib, shallow, fussy, and never knew that her husband belonged to the world, and to her only incidentally. She took sole charge of him and his affairs; ordered people away who wanted to see him if she did not like their looks; opened his mail; rifled his pockets; insisted that he should not go to the homes of poor people; timed his hours of work, and religiously read his private journal and demanded that it should be explained. This woman should have married a man who kept no journal, and one for whom no one cared. As it was, no doubt she suffered up to her capacity, which perhaps was not great, for God puts a quick limit on the sensibilities of the stupid.

She even pulled him about by the hair before they had been married a year; and made faces at him as he preached, saying sotto voce, "I've heard that so often that I'm sick of it." In company, she would sometimes explain to the assembled guests what a great and splendid man her first husband was.

But worst of all, she took Wesley's faithful saddle horse "Timothy," and hitched him alongside of a horse of her own to a chaise, with a postboy in a red suit on his back, tooting a horn.

Poor Wesley groaned, and inwardly said, "It is a trial sent by God—I must bear it all."

Finally the woman renounced him and left for Scotland. He then stole his own horse from her stable, and rode away as in the good old days. But alas! in a month she was on his trail. She caught up with him at Birmingham and fell on his neck, after the service, explaining that she was Mrs. John Wesley. The poor man could neither deny it nor run away, without making a scene, and so she accompanied him to his lodgings. ¶ Her protests of reformation vanished in a week and the marks of her nails were again on his fine face.

This program was kept up for thirty-one years with all the variations possible to a jealous woman, who had an income sufficient to allow her to indulge her vagaries and move in good society. On October 14, 1781, Wesley wrote in his journal, "I am told my wife died Monday and was buried on this evening."

Wesley once wrote to Asbury, "She has cut short my life full twenty years." If this were true, one can see how Wesley would otherwise have made the century run. However, Wesley was right—it was not all bad; the law of compensation never sleeps, and as a result of his unfortunate marriage, Wesley knew things which men happily married never know.

John Wesley did not blame anybody for anything. Once when he saw a drunken man reeling through the street, he turned to a friend and said, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Wesley!" All his bio-

graphies agree that after his fiftieth year his power as a preacher increased constantly until he was seventy-five. He grew more gentle, more tender and there was about him an aura of love and veneration, so that even his enemies removed their hats and stood silent in his presence. And we might here paraphrase his own words and truly say of him, as he said of Josiah Wedgwood, "He loved flowers and horses and children—and his soul was near to God!"

The actual reason for breaking away or "coming out" is a personal antipathy for the leader. Like children playing a game, theologians reach a point where they say, "I'll not play in your back yard." And not liking a man, we dislike his music, his art, his creed ☙ So they divide on free grace, foreordination, baptism, regeneration, freedom of the will, endless punishment, endless consequences, conversion, transubstantiation, sanctification, infant baptism, or any one of a dozen reasons which do not represent truth, but are all merely a point of view and can honestly be believed before breakfast and rejected afterward. ¶ However, the protest of Wesley had a basic reason, for at his time the State Religion was a galvanized and gilded thing, possessing everything but the breath of life.



ND so John Wesley went riding the circuit from Land's End to John O'Groat's, from Cork to Londonderry, eight thousand miles, and eight hundred sermons every year. In London he spoke to the limit of his voice—ten thousand people. Yet when chance sent him but fifty auditors he spoke with just as much feeling. His sermons were full of wit, often homely but never coarse. He knew how to interest tired men; how to keep the children awake. He interspersed anecdote with injunction and precept with homely happenings. He yearned to better this life, and to evolve souls that were worth saving.

Wesley grew with the years, and fully realized that preaching is for the preacher. "Always in my saddlebags beside my Bible and hymnal I carried one good book." He knew history, science as far as it had been carried, and all philosophy was to him familiar. The itineracy he believed was a necessity for the preacher as well as the people. A preacher should not remain so long in a place as to become cheap or commonplace. New faces keep one alive and alert. And the circuit-rider can give the same address over and over and perfect it by repetition until it is most effective.

¶ The circuit-rider, the local preacher or class-leader, the classes, the "love-feast" or a general meeting—these were quite enough in way of religious machinery.

¶ Finally, however, Wesley became convinced that in large cities an indoor meeting place was necessary in order to keep the people banded together. Often the weather was bad and then it was too much to expect women and children to stand in the rain and cold to hear the circuit-rider.

So London supplied an abandoned warehouse called "The Foundry," and here the Wesleyans met in a vast body for a service of song and praise. Methodism is largely a matter of temperament—it fits the needs of a certain type. The growing mind is not content to have everything done for it. The Catholics and Episcopalians were doing too much for their people, and not letting the people do enough for themselves. The Methodist class-meeting allowed the lowliest member to lift up his voice and make his own appeal to the throne of grace. Prayer is for the person who prays, and only very dull people doubt its efficacy. The God in your own heart always hearkens to your prayer and if it is reasonable and right always answers it.

"Methodism raised the standard of intellect in England to a degree no man can compute," says Lecky the free-thinking historian. Drunkenness, gambling, dog-fighting, bear-baiting in whole communities was replaced by the singing of hymns, prayers and "testi-

monies," in which every one had a part. Wesley loved flowers and often carried garden seeds to give away, and then on his next trip would remember to ask about results. He encouraged his people to be tidy in their dress and housekeeping, and gentle in their manners. Thousands learned to read that they might read the Bible; thousands sang who had never tried to sing before, and although the singing may have been of a very crude quality and the public speaking below par, yet it was human expression and therefore education, evolution, growth. That Wesley thought Methodism a finality need not be allowed to score against him. His faith and zeal had to be more or less blind, otherwise he would not have been John Wesley; philosophers with the brain of Newton, Spencer, Hegel, Schopenhauer could never have done the work of Wesley. Had Wesley known more, he would have done less. He was a God-intoxicated man—his heart was aflame with divine love.

He carried the standard far to the front, and planted the flowing pennant on rocky ramparts where all the world could see. To carry the flag further was the work of others yet to come.

It was only in the year 1784, when Wesley was eighty-one years old, that he formally broke loose from the mother-church and Methodism was given a charter from the State. At this time John Wesley announced himself as a "Scriptural Episcopus," or a bishop by

divine right, greatly to the consternation of his brother Charles. But the morning stars still sang together, even after he had ordained his comrade, Asbury, "Bishop of America," and conferred the title of bishop on a dozen others. It was always, however, carefully explained that they were merely Methodist Episcopal bishops and not Episcopal bishops. A year before his death Wesley issued an order that no Methodist services should be held at the hours of the regular church service, and that no Methodist bishop should wear a peculiar robe, have either a fixed salary, residence or estate, nor should he on any account allow any one to address him as "My Lord."

It was a very happy life he led—so full of work that there was no time for complaint. The constant horseback riding kept his system in perfect health. At eighty-five he said, "I never have had more than a half-hour's depression in my life. My controlling mood has been one of happiness, thankfulness and joy."

Wesley endeavored not to make direct war upon the Established Church—he hoped it would reform itself. He did not know that men with fixed and fat incomes seldom die and never resign, and his innocence in thinking he could continue on his course of organizing "Methodist Societies," and still keep his place within the Church reveals his lack of logic. Moreover, he never had enough imagination to see that the Methodist Church would itself become great and strong and

powerful and rich, and be an institution very much like the one from which in his eighty-fourth year he at last broke away. Charles Wesley and Whitefield died members of the Church of England, and were buried in consecrated ground, but John Wesley passed peacefully out in his eighty-eighth year, requesting that his body be buried in City Road Chapel, in the plot of ground that he by his life, love and work had consecrated. And it was so done.





Henry George

HENRY GEORGE

THE more you study this question the more you will see that the true law of social life is the law of love, and law of liberty, the law of each for all and all for each; that the golden rule of morals is also the golden rule of the science of wealth; that the highest expressions of religious truth include the widest generalizations of political economy.

—HENRY GEORGE

GREAT REFORMERS



ENRY GEORGE died in 1897. Ten years have passed since men have heard his voice, looked upon his strong, lithe form, saw the gleam of his honest eyes, and felt the presence of a man—a man who wanted nothing and gave everything—a man who gave himself.

Ten years!

And in those ten years the world has experienced, and is now passing through, a peaceful revolution such as men have never before seen ✍ Ten years have given us a new science of religion; a new education; a new penology; a new healing art; a new method in commerce.

The wisdom of honesty as a business asset is nowhere questioned, and the clergy has ceased to call upon men to prepare for death. We are preparing to live, and the way we are preparing to live is by living.

The remedy Henry George prescribed for economic ills was as simple as it was new, and new things and simple things are always looked upon as objectionable —dangerous. The universality of conservatism proves that it must have its use and purpose in the eternal order. It keeps us from going too fast; it prevents us from bringing about changes for which mankind are

not prepared. Nature's methods are evolutionary, not revolutionary.

Slaves cannot be made free by edict ✍ Moses led his people out of only one kind of captivity, and in the wilderness they wandered in bondage still. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation did not free the colored race, because it is the law of God that he who would be free must free himself. A servile people are slaves by habit, and habit is the only fetter ✍ Freedom, like happiness, is a condition of mind. A whining, complaining, pinching, pilfering class that listens for the whistle, watches the clock, that works only when under the menacing eye of the boss and stands in eternal fear of the blue envelope here, and perdition hereafter, can never be made free by legislative enactment ✍ Freedom cannot be granted any more than education can be imparted, both must be achieved, or we yammer forever without the pale ✍ A simple, strong and honest people are free. People enslaved by superstition and ruled by the dead have work at filing fetters ahead of them which only they themselves can do ✍ ✍

Henry George did not realize this, and his strength lay in the fact that he did not. He did not know that when men get the crook out of their backs, the hinges out of their knees, and the cringe out of their souls, that then they are free. Slaves place in the hands of tyrants all the power that tyrants possess.

Fortunate it was for Henry George, and for the world, that he did not know that any man who labors to help the working man, will be mobbed by the proletariat for his pains a little later on ❧ Monarchies may be ungrateful, but their attitude is a sweet perfume compared to the ingratitude of the laborer. He can only be helped by stealth, and his freedom must come from within ❧ ❧

The moral weakness of man is the one thing that makes tyranny possible.

Tyranny is a condition in the heart of serfs. Tyrants tyrannize only over people of a certain cast of mind. Tyrants are men who have stolen power—convicts who have wrested guns from their guards ❧ Watch them, and in a little while they will again shift places.

¶ Henry George was a very great man—great in his economic, prophetic insight; great in his faith, his hope, his love. He gave his message to the world and passed on, scourged, depressed, undone, because the world did not accept the truths he voiced.

Yet all for which he strived and struggled will yet come true—his prayer will be answered.

And the political parties and the men who in his life opposed him, are now adopting his opinions, quoting his reasons and in time will bring about the changes he advocated. ¶ Of all modern prophets and reformers Henry George is the only one whose arguments are absolutely unanswerable and whose forecast was sure.



HENRY GEORGE was that rare, peculiar and strange thing—an honest man ☙ Whether he had genius or not we cannot say, since genius has never been defined twice alike, nor put in the alembic and resolved into its constituent parts.

All accounts go to show that from very childhood Henry George was singularly direct and true. His ancestry was Welsh, Scotch and English in about equal proportions, and the traits of the middle class were his, even to a theological sturdiness that robbed his mind of most of its humor. Reformers must needs be color-blind, otherwise they would never get their work done—they see red or purple and nothing else.

Born in Philadelphia in 1839, on Tenth Street, below Pine, in a house still standing, and which should be marked with a bronze plate, but is not, Henry George took on a good many of the moral traits of his Quaker neighbors.

His father was a clerk in the Custom House, having graduated from a position as sea-captain on account of an excess of caution and a taste for penmanship. Later the good man went into the publishing business,

backed by the Episcopal Church and issued Sunday School leaflets, sermons and prayer-books. In fact he became the official printer of the denomination. With him was a man named Appleton who finally went over to New York and started in on his own account, founding the firm of D. Appleton & Co., which forty years thereafter was to publish to the world a book called, "Progress and Poverty."

The worthy father of Henry George was a good Churchman, but not a business man. He bought the things he ought not and left unsold the things he should have worked off. He didn't know the value of time. Other people did things while he was getting ready to commence to begin.

And so the whirligig of time sent him back to his desk at the Custom House, on a salary so modest that it meant poverty, and progress crab-fashion.

The children old enough to work got jobs, and Henry of the red hair and freckles found a place as printer's devil at two dollars a week. College was out of the question and Girard Institute was regarded as infidelic. However, episcopopogy did not have quite so strong a hold on this household as it once had. The Georges believed in freedom and took William Lloyd Garrison's paper, "The Liberator," and the mother read it aloud by the light of a penny dip. Next came "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and when in 1856 the Republican Party was born, the George family, father, mother and children

all had pronounced views on the subject of human rights—very different views from those held by the royal Georges of England.

When Henry George was sixteen the restlessness of coming manhood found expression, and he shipped before the mast and sailed away to the antipodes. The boy had the small, compact form, the physical activity and daring which make a first-class sailor, but happily his brain was too full of ideas to transform him into a dog of the sea.

A trip to Australia, with salt pork all the time, sea biscuit every day, lobscouse on Sundays, plum-duff once a month, and a total absence of mental stimulus cured him of the idea that freedom was to be found on the bounding wave and the rolling deep.

At seventeen he was back at the case, setting type and getting a man's pay because he was able to "rastle the dic." which means that he was on familiar terms with the dictionary and could correct proof.

Education is a matter of desire, and the printer's case with bad copy to revise is better than "English Twenty-two" at Harvard. Henry George moused nights at the Quaker Apprentice's Library, and he also read Franklin's "Autobiography;" his mind was full of Poor Richard maxims which he sprinkled through his diary; but best of all, with seven other printers he formed another "Junta," and they met twice a week to discuss "poetry, economics and Mormonism." It

was very sophomoric, of course, but boys of eighteen who study anything and defend it in essays and orations are right out on the highway which leads to superiority. The trouble with the 'prentice is that he does not know how to spend his evenings; the love of leisure and the wish for a good time cause the moments to slip past him, out of his reach forever, out into the great ocean of time.

Life is a sequence—the logical, far-seeing mind is a cumulative consequence. Men who are wise at forty were not idle at twenty. "Read anything half an hour a day, and in ten years you will be learned," says Emerson.

Henry George worked and read and the "Junta" gave him the first taste of that intoxicating thing, thinking on one's feet. We grow by expression, and never really know a thing until we tell it to somebody else. Henry George was getting an education, getting it in the only way anyone ever can, or has, or does—getting it by doing.

But the wanderlust was again at work; California was calling—the land of miracle—and printer's ink began to pall. Henry George was a sailor; every part of a sailing ship was to him familiar, from bilge-water to pennant, from bowsprit to stern-post. He could swab the main-mast, reef the top-sail in a squall, preside in the cook's galley, or if the mate were drunk and the captain ashore he could take charge of the ship, put

for open sea and ride out the storm by scudding before the wind.

Ships in need of sailors were lying in the offing.

When young Henry George took a walk it was always along the docks ✍ He knew every ship there in the Delaware, and visited with the sailor men who told of the happenings in far-off climes. News from California much interested him—California was another America, hopelessly separated from us by an impassable range of forbidding mountains, reinforced by desert plains, peopled only by hostile savages ✍ But the sea was an open highway to this land of enchantment ✍ California called! And finally Henry George overcame temptation by succumbing to it, and sailed away southward in the staunch little ship "Shubrick," bound for the modern Eldorado by way of Cape Horn. It was a six months' passage, with many stops and much trading, and time that seem lifted out of the calendar and thrown away.

Henry George arrived in California penniless. But he had health and a willingness to work ✍ He became a farm hand, a tramp pedlar, a laborer shoveling gravel into a sluice-way and standing all day knee-deep in water. It was all good, for it taught the youth that life was life and wherever you go you carry your mental and spiritual assets, as well as your cares, on the crupper ✍ ✍

Then there came a job in the composing room of a

newspaper and the life work of Henry George was really begun, for his employers had discovered that he could "rastle the dic." and if copy were scarce he could create it.



THE gold fever got into the blood of Henry George and his savings became a shining mark for the mining shark. A thousand men lose money at mining where one strikes pay gravel. Henry George was one of the thousand.

He got good wages and boarded at the best hotel in San Francisco, the "What Cheer House." This storied hostelry was owned by a man named Woodward, who had a few ideas of his own. Woodward not only hated Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, but also women. Woodward was a confirmed bachelor, having been confirmed by a lady bachelor in some dark, mysterious way, years before. So no woman was allowed to either stop at the hotel or work in it. The labor was done by Chinese, and Henry George wrote home to his sisters, describing the place as an immaculate conception.

Next to the fact that no women were allowed in the

"What Cheer House," was the further more astounding proposition that the place was run on absolutely temperance principles, thus for the time, at least, silencing that hoary adage of the genus wiseacre that no hotel can succeed without a bar & Woodward became rich and from the proceeds of his temperance hotel founded Woodward Gardens—a park beloved by all who know their San Francisco.

The third peculiar thing about this hotel was that it had a library of a thousand volumes.

It was the only public library in San Francisco at that time, and it was the books that led Henry George to spend twice as much for board as he otherwise would have done.

While Henry George was at the "What Cheer House" an English traveller added a volume to the little library, "Buckle's History of Civilization." Woodward tried to read the book, but failing to become interested in it, between serving the soup and fish, handed it to a waiter saying, "Here, give it to that red-head printer; he can get something out of it if anybody can."

Henry George took the book to his room, and that night sat reading it until two o'clock in the morning. That statement of Buckle's, "Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' has influenced civilization more profoundly than any book ever written, save none," caught the young printer's attention.

The next day he looked in the library for the "Wealth of Nations," and sure enough, it was there! He began to read. He read and reread. And whether Buckle's statement is correct or not, this holds: Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" influenced Henry George more profoundly than any book he ever read.

Henry George was not yet immune from the gold-fever microbe, and several times was lured away into the mountains, "grub-staking" a man with hope plus and secrets as to gold-bearing quartz that would paralyze the world.

When twenty-one we find our young man one of six printers who bought out the "Evening Journal." Henry George was foreman of the composing room, but took a hand anywhere and everywhere. A curious comment on the business acumen of the "Journal" men lies in their agreement that all should have an equal voice in the policy of the paper. Hence we infer that all were equally ignorant of the stern fact that in business nothing succeeds but one-man power. So the "Journal" went drifting on the rocks in financial foggy weather and the hungry waves devoured her.

¶ When fate desires a great success she sends her chosen one failure. Henry George at twenty-two was ragged, in debt—and also in love. The "What Cheer House" was all right for a man getting good wages, but when you go into business for yourself it is different, and George found board with a private family.

¶ The lady in the case was Miss Fox, ward and niece of the landlord with whom the impecunious printer boarded.

Annie Fox and our printer read "Dana's Household Book of Poetry," with heads close together.

The inevitable happened—they decided to pool their poverty in the interests of progress. To ask the landlord for his blessing seemed out of the question, in view of the fact that the printer was two weeks behind in his board. The girl had the proverbial clothes on her back.

Matthew McClosky, the uncle, was a good deal of a man. He showed his shrewdness and appreciation of the present order by buying a large tract of land near the city and grew rich on the unearned increment. Had his niece and the printer confided in him they might have shared in his prosperity, in which case, "Progress and Poverty" would never have been written.

It was the memorable year of 1861 ¶ The heart of Henry George was with the union—he had decided to enlist. He told the girl so behind the kitchen door. Her answer was a flood of tears, and a call to arms. The result was that the next night the couple stole out, and made their way to a Methodist parsonage, where they were married.

Henry George was nominally a member of the Methodist Church, but the creed of Thomas Paine was more

to his liking—"The world is my country; mankind are my friends; to do good is my religion." The young lady was a Catholic and so the preacher compromised by reading the Episcopal service. The only witnesses were the minister's wife and Henry George's chum, Isaac Trump. "I didn't catch your friend's name," said the minister in filling out the marriage certificate. "I. Trump," was the reply. "I observe you do," was the answer, "but oblige me with the gentleman's name." ❧ ❧

There are three great epochs in life—birth, death, marriage ❧ The first two named you can not avoid. Since life is a sequence, no one can say what would have happened had not this or that occurred. Mrs. George proved an honest, earnest, helpful wife ❧ Her conservatism curbed the restless spirit of her husband and gave his mind time to ripen, for until his marriage the ideals of the French Revolution were strong in his heart. He saw the evils of life and was intent on changing them. The Catholic faith is an elastic one, both esoteric and exoteric, and those who are able can take the poetic view of dogma instead of the literal, if they prefer. Henry George and his wife took the spiritual or symbolic view, and moved steadily forward in the middle of the road. He was too gentle and considerate to quote Voltaire and Rousseau at inopportune times, and she sustained and encouraged his mental independence. All of which is here voiced

with one foot on the soft pedal, and with no thought of putting forth an argument to the effect that young gentlemen with liberal views should marry ladies who belong to the Catholic persuasion.

The day after his marriage the bridegroom found work in a printery at twelve dollars a week, and thus was the pivotal point safely rounded.



ERE was a man absolutely honest, with no bad habits, industrious and economical, but lacking in that peculiar something that spells success. The type is not rare ✍ One trouble was that our Henry George stuck to no one place long enough to make himself a necessity. Men of half his ability made twice as much money.

The days went by and Henry George wrote to Trump, "I am advance agent for the stork." Now storks bring love and hope—and care, and anxious days and sleepless nights ✍ Henry George's domestic affairs had steadied his barque, and while his relatives in Philadelphia thought he carried an excess of Romish ballast, it was all for the best. He read, studied, thought, and

wanting little his mind did not list to either port or starboard.

Henry George had graduated from the case into the editorial room. He worked on all the newspapers, by turn, in San Francisco and Sacramento, and had come to be regarded as one of the strongest editorial writers on the coast. The business office was beyond his province, and as a newspaper was a business venture and is run neither to educate the public nor for the proprietor's health, the manager did not look upon Henry George as exactly "safe." And hence the reason is plain why George was regarded as a sectional bookcase and not a fixture.

At thirty he had evolved to a point where the New York "Tribune" asked him to write a signed editorial for them on the Chinese question. Then he wrote for the "Overland Monthly;" and when a great literary light came to San Francisco to appear on the lyceum stage, Henry George was asked to introduce him to the audience, especially if the man was believed to have heresy secreted on his person, in which case of course the local clergy took no risks of contamination, not being immune.

On the occasion of the death of a certain tramp printer, whose name is now lost to us in the hell-box of time, no clergyman being found to perform the service, Henry George officiated, and preached a sermon which rang thru the city like a trumpet call, extolling not

what the man was, but what he might have been. ¶ This custom of the laity taking charge of funerals still exists in the West, to a degree not known, say in New England, where in certain localities people are not considered legally dead unless both an orthodox doctor and an orthodox preacher officiate.

The very poor, and the outcasts of society, in San Francisco began to look upon Henry George as the Bishop of Outsiders. Often he was called upon to go and visit the stricken, the sick, and the dying. And there was a kind of poetic fitness in all this, for the man possessed that superior type of moral and intellectual fibre which makes a great physician or excellent priest—he could "minister." And it was only division of labor that separated the offices of doctor and priest, and actually they are and should be one.

In Sacramento now lives a successful merchant, a Jew by birth, and a man of great grace of spirit, who has this superior, spiritual quality which makes his services sought after, and in response to demand he goes all over the state saying the last words over the dust of those who in their lives had lost faith in the established order, or had too much faith in God.

After his thirty-sixth year Henry George slipped by natural process into this semi-religious order—a priest after the order of Melchisedek. He was spokesman for those who had no social standing, a voice for the voiceless, a friend to the friendless, even those who

were not friends to themselves. ¶ But at thirty-seven he was up on the mountain side where he saw to a distance that very few men could. He felt his own dignity and knew his worth ❧ The president of the University of California recognizing his ability as a thinker and a speaker asked him to give a course of lectures on economics.

He gave one—this was all they could digest.

California colleges have had a lot of trouble with economics—it has been a theme more fraught for them with danger than theology ❧ How Californians make their money and how they spend it is a topic which in handling requires great subtlety of intellect, a fine delicacy of expression and much diplomacy, otherwise twenty-three petards!

Here is a passage from Henry George's lecture before the University of California:

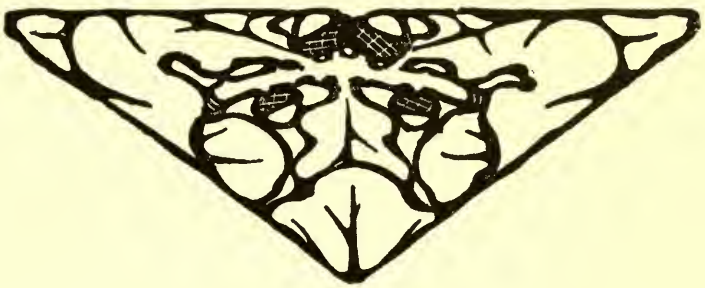
For the study of political economy you need no special knowledge, no extensive library, no costly laboratory. You do not even need text books or teachers if you will but think for yourselves. All that you need is care in reducing complex phenomena to their elements, in distinguishing the essential from the accidental, and in applying the simple laws of human action with which you are familiar ❧ Take nobody's opinion for granted; 'try all things; hold fast to that which is good.' In this way, the opinions of others will help you by their suggestions, elucidations and corrections; otherwise they will be to you but as words to a parrot. ¶ All this array of professors, all this paraphernalia

of learning, cannot educate a man. They can but help him to educate himself ✍ Here you may obtain the tools; but they will be useful only to him who can use them. A monkey with a microscope, a mule packing a library, are fit emblems of the men—and unfortunately, they are plenty—who pass thru the whole educational machinery, and come out but learned fools, crammed with knowledge which they cannot use—all the more pitiable, all the more contemptible, all the more in the way of real progress, because they pass, with themselves, and others, as educated men.

California is a land of extremes—everything there grows big and fast, especially ideas. No country ever saw so much wealth and so much poverty side by side. The mansions on Nob Hill were so grand that their magnificence discouraged all the owners and abashed the visitors, so that when receptions were held a keg of beer on a saw-buck in the kitchen and champagne in a wash-tub, with ham sandwiches in a bushel basket, were all that could be assimilated. And yet past the high iron gates of these palaces prowled want—gaunt, hungry and menacing.

Land was never so cheap, nor so dear as it has been in California. We gave a railroad company twenty-five thousand acres of land for every mile of track it built, and for years a dollar an acre was the ruling price at which you could buy to your limit ✍ And yet there were at the same time little half acres for which men pushed a hundred thousand dollars in gold dust over the counter and then crowed about their bargain.

Henry George studied economics at first hand ❧ The dignified frappe which he received in way of honorarium for his university lecture had its advantages. People in San Francisco wanted to hear what the editor had to say as well as to read his utterances. He was invited to give the Fourth of July oration at the Grand Opera House—a very great compliment. ¶ Henry George was a reformer, and reformers have but one theme, and that theme is Liberty. We grow by expression. There is no doubt but that the university lecture and the Fourth of July oration added cubits to the stature of Henry George. In these two addresses we find the kernel of his philosophy—a kernel that was to germinate into a mighty tree which would extend its welcoming shade to travellers for many a decade yet to come.





ROGRESS & POVERTY," like every other great book (or great man) was an accident—a providential accident ❧ The book was ten years in the incubation ❧ It began with a newspaper editorial in 1869, and found form in a volume of five hundred pages in 1879 ❧ The editorial merely called attention to the fact that California in spite of her vast wealth was peopled, for the most part, with people desperately poor; and that ground in the vicinity of any city, town or place of enterprise was held at so exorbitant a figure that the poor were actually enslaved by the men who owned the land. That is to say, the men who owned the land, controlled the people who had to live on it, for man is a land animal, and can not live apart from land any more than fishes can live at a distance from water. And moreover we tax for the improvements on land, thus really placing a penalty on enterprise.

The article attracted attention, and opened the eyes of one man at least—and that was the man who wrote it ❧ He had written better than he knew; and any writer who does not occasionally surprise himself does not write well.

Henry George had surprised himself, and he wrote another editorial to explain the first. These editorials extended themselves into a series, and hand-polished and sand-papered were reprinted in pamphlet form in 1871, under the title of "Our Land Policy." The temerity which prompted the printing of this pamphlet was evolved through a letter from John Stuart Mill. Henry George knew he was right in his conclusions, but he felt that he needed the corroboration of a great mind that had grappled with abstruse problems; so he sent one of his editorials to Mill, the greatest living intellect of his time.

Mill showed his interest by replying in a long letter, wherein he addressed George as a man with a mind equal to his own, not a sophomore trying his wings. ¶ The letter from Mill was to him a white mile-post. The corroboration gave him courage, confidence, poise ✍ ✍

The thousand copies of the pamphlet cost Henry George seventy-five dollars ✍ The retail price was twenty-five cents each. Twenty-one copies were sold. The rest were given away to good people who promised to read them. Pamphlets are for the pamphleteer, but let the fact here be recorded that new ideas have always been issued at the author's expense—and also risk. Martin Luther, Dean Swift, John Milton, Paine, Voltaire, Sam Adams were all pamphleteers ✍ The early colonial "broadsides" were pamphlets issued

by men with thoughts plus, and all of the men just named fired inky volleys which proved to be shots heard 'round the world.

As the years passed, Henry George was gathering gear; he was getting an education & Providence was preparing him for his work. All he expressed by tongue or pen had land, labor, production and distribution in mind. He was getting acquainted with every phase of the subject—anticipating the objections, meeting the objectors, opening up side paths.

And so in 1878 when he sat down to write a magazine article on "Our Government Land Policy" the air was full of reasons. Soon the article stretched itself beyond magazine length, and in order to cover the theme he set down headings.

1 Wages
2 Capital
3 Division of Labor
4 Population
5 Subsistance
6 Rent
7 Interest
8 The Remedy for Unequal Distribution

He wrote all one night—wrote in a fever & The next day his pulse got back to normal, and on talking the matter over with his wife he decided to begin it all over and work his philosophy up into a book, writing as he could, only one or two hours a day.

He was absolutely without capital, dependent on his income from space writing in the daily newspapers, but he began and the work grew.

It was all done on "stolen time," to use the phrase of Macaulay, and therefore vital, for things done because you have to do them—done to get rid of them—contain the red corpuscle.

On March 22, 1879, the precious bundle of MS. was shipped to D. Appleton & Co., New York, with instructions that if the work was not accepted to hold subject to the author's order.

In six weeks came a letter from the Appletons, gracious, complimentary, "but"—, in fact, no work on political economy had ever sold sufficiently to either make money for the author or pay the bare cost of the book to the publisher.

Here was a dampener, and if Henry George had been a trifle more astute in the laws of literary supply and demand, he could and would have anticipated the result even in spite of the natural prejudice which an author always feels for the offspring of his brain.

A letter was now sent Thomas George, the author's brother, in Philadelphia, requesting him to go over to New York and find a market for the wares.

Thomas had the work passed on by the Harpers, Scribner, and all "much regretted."

The next thing was to interest Prof. Swinton and several New York friends and have them go in a body

and storm the castle of Barabbas ☙ The committee called on D. Appleton & Co. and again laid the case before them.

Finally the publishers agreed that if the author would advance money for the electrotype plates, they would undertake the publication.

But, alas, the author was in the proverbial author's condition. On the offer being laid before Henry George by mail he replied that he could make the electrotype plates himself. He was a typesetter and he had friends who would give him the use of their printing outfits. The offer was satisfactory to the Appletons, provided Prof. Swinton would agree to take on his own account a hundred copies of the work on suspicion.

The Professor agreed. And the MS. was sent back to San Francisco, a trifle dog-eared and the worse for five months' wear.

The author began his type-setting with the same diligence that he had brought to bear in the writing. This was stolen time too ☙ He worked an hour in the morning and two hours at night. Other printers offered to help, and a genial, bum electrotyper, damnably cheerful, offered to come in and lend a hand provided Henry George would agree to give a funeral oration over the derelict one's grave at the proper time. Henry George gleefully agreed.

So the work of making the electrotype plates moved on apace. In the meantime some of Henry George's

political friends had interviewed the governor and Henry George was made inspector of gas meters, at fifteen hundred dollars a year.

It was four months' work to make the plates, but early in the year 1880, they were shipped to New York, a few proofs of the book being taken, stitched up and sent out for review.

So far as we know there was no one in California able to read the book and intelligently review it. Leastwise they never did.

The Appletons, however, gradually awoke to the fact that they had a prize, and they made efforts to get the work into right reviewing hands. Better still, they began to inquire about what manner of man Henry George was.

Next they wrote to the author suggesting that if he would come to New York and personally present his views, it would help in the sale of the books.

Fortunately Henry George was not hampered by ownership of real estate, nor an excess of personal property, so he hastily packed up, transportation having been secured by John Russell Young, a capitalist who had faith in his genius from the first.

Henry George arrived in New York penniless, but Prof. Swinton, that excellent blind man of great insight, E. L. Youmans, John Russell Young and the Appletons gave him a rich reception.

The tide had turned.

HENRY GEORGE received all the recognition that any thinker and writer could desire from August, 1880, to the day of his death, October 28, 1897. Men might not agree with him in his conclusions, but few indeed dare meet him in a duel of argument, either by pen or upon the public platform ❧ ❧

He spoke in churches, halls and private parlors. His newspaper and magazine articles commanded a price ❧ He met the greatest minds of America and Europe on an equal footing.

In England his book was having a sale far beyond what it had met with at home.

And when he spoke in London and the chief cities of Great Britain the halls were packed to suffocation. He appealed to the Messianic instinct of the English workingmen and they hailed him as the coming man —their deliverer ❧ They stripped doors from their hinges and carried him aloft upon the improvised platform. They unhitched the horses from his carriage and drew him through the streets in triumphant state. This all meant little—it was only campaign exuberance—the glare and flare of smoky kerosene torches, and the blare of brass.

Henry George was right in the class with Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall, none of whom, happily, was a college man, and therefore all were free from the handicap of dead learning and ossified opinion, and saw things as if they were new. Ignorance is a very necessary equipment in doing a great and sublime work that is to eclipse anything heretofore performed.

¶ The mind of Henry George was a flower of slow growth. At thirty-seven he was just reaching mental manhood. According to all reasonable tables of expectancy he should have rivalled Humboldt and been at his prime at eighty ✍ His brain was the brain of Ricardo, but instead of sticking to his books, he got caught in the swirl of politics, and was matched up with the cheap, the selfish, the grasping. The people who snatched Henry George out of his proper sphere as a thinker, writer and lecturer, and flung him into the turmoil of practical politics, were of exactly the class who would, if they could, have a little later ridden him on a rail.

It was all a little like that speech of a man in Indianapolis who nominated James Whitcomb Riley for the presidency of the United States. The mob diluted the thought of Henry George and trod his proud and honest heart into the mire.

Had he been elected mayor of New York he could have done little or nothing for reform, for a mayor has only the power delegated to him by the ward boss

and the genus heeler. Beyond this he can merely apply the emergency brake by the use of the veto.

Henry George was a racehorse hitched by spoilsmen to an overloaded jaunting car with a drunken driver, bound for Donnybrook Fair.

And soon men said he was dead.

THE logic of Henry George's book and its literary style are so insistent, that it has been studied closely by economists of note in every country on the globe ❧ Its argument has never been answered, and those who have sought to combat it, have rested their case on the assertion that Henry George was a theorist and a dreamer, and so far as practical affairs were concerned was a failure. With equal logic we might brand the Christian religion as a failure because its founder was not a personal success, either in his social status or as a political leader.

Gradually the thinking men of the world, the statesmen and the doers, are beholding the fact that mankind is an organism, and that a country is only as rich as its poorest citizen; that an athlete with Bright's

disease is not worth as much to humanity as a small, lively and healthy boy of ten with cheek of tan and freckles to spare. Health comes from right living, and living without useful effort is only existence.

People living on the pavement or in sky-scrapers soon degenerate.

Man cannot thrive apart from land. Abject poverty is only found in great cities, where population is huddled like worms in a knot.

The highest average of intelligence, happiness and prosperity is found in villages, where each family owns its home, and the renter is the rare exception. ¶ The word "renter" we used out West as a term of contempt. The ownership of an acre of land gives a sense of security which religion cannot bestow. God's acre with vegetables, fruits, flowers, a cow & poultry, place a family beyond the reach of famine, even if not of avarice. Moreover, this single acre means sound sleep, good digestion and resultant good thoughts, all from digging in the dirt and mixing with the elements. "All wealth comes from the soil," says Adam Smith, and he might have added, man himself comes from the soil and is brother to the trees and flowers. Men can no more live apart from land than can the grass. The ownership of a very small plot of ground steadies life, lends ballast to existence, and is a bond given to society for good behavior.

"I am no longer an anarchist—I have bought a lot

and am building a house," advised a Russian refugee, to his restless colleagues at home when they wrote asking him for quotations on dynamite.

It is obvious and easy to say that the people who make city slums possible do not want to own houses and would not live upon land and improve it, if they could.

The worst about this statement is that it is true. They are so sunken in fear, superstition and indifference that they lack the squirrel's thrift in providing a home and laying in a stock of provisions; they are even without the ground-hog's ambition to burrow. They are too sodden to know what they are missing and are lacking in the imagination which pictures a better condition.

They are like those pigmy bondsmen who work in the cotton mills of the south, yellow, gaunt, too dead to weep, too hopeless to laugh, too pained to feel.

From these creatures and creators of slums it is absurd to talk of gratitude for the offer of betterment. People who expect gratitude do not deserve it. Neither can the slumsters by force be placed on land and be expected to till it. A generation, at least, will be required to work a change, and this change will come through educating the children—through the kindergarten and the kindergarten methods, and most of all through school gardens. The so-called "back districts" are fast being annihilated, for quick transpor-

tation is bringing city and country close together. The time is coming, and shortly, too, when a fare of one cent a mile will be the universal rule, and a mile a minute will not be regarded as an unusual speed.

Now here is something which Henry George did not say, and if he knew was too diplomatic to mention: The reason the people have not had possession of the land is because they did not want it ❧ The ownership of the land you need to use comes in answer to prayer —and prayer is the soul's desire, uttered or unexpressed. The will of the people is supreme. If fraud and rascality exist in high places it is because we elect rascals to office.

The will of the people is supreme ❧ When we cease toadying to brainless nabobs and quit imitating them as soon as we get the money, we will be on the road to reformation. As it is, most poor people are just itching to live as the rich do. The average servant girl who gets married quits work then and there, and is quite content to live the rest of her life as a slave, asking her husband for a quarter at a time and cajoling the money out of him by hook and crook, or else explorating his trousers for free coinage when opportunity offers.

Fresh air is free but the average individual does not know it; and neither would this same person use land if it were given him. Freedom is a condition of mind.

¶ Yet apart from the "submerged tenth" is a very

large class of people to whom land and a home would be a positive paradise, and who are simply forced into flats and tenements on account of present economic conditions—the land is monopolized, and held by men who neither improve it themselves, nor will they allow others to ❧ They hold it awaiting a rise in value.

This increase in value is not on account of anything the owner may do—in fact he is usually an absentee and does nothing. The increase comes from the enterprise and thrift of people for whom the owner has no interest, beyond contempt.

If these enterprising people who do the work of the world—making the things the world needs—want more land for their business or for homes, they have to pay the absentee for the increased value which they themselves have brought about ❧ When you beautify and enrich the value of your own lot by improving it, you are making it impossible to buy the vacant lot next to you without bankruptcy.

¶ Moreover you are taxed by the state for any improvement you make on your land, and this taxation on improvements must of necessity tend toward discouragement of improvement. It is really a surer way to make money to hang on to land and do nothing, than to improve it.

The remedy proposed by Henry George is simply the Single Tax, and this tax to be on land values and not

on improvements. ¶ That is to say, with the Single Tax, the man who owns the vacant lot covered with briars and brambles would pay the same tax that you pay on your lot next door upon which you have built a house, barn and conservatory and planted trees and flowers.

The immediate tendency of this policy would be to cause the gentleman who owned the vacant lot devoted to cockle-burrs to put up on it a sign, "For Sale Cheap."

Even the opponents of the Single Tax agree that its inauguration would at once throw on the market a vast acreage of unimproved land, and that is just the one reason why they oppose it. All those thousands of acres held by estates, trustees and idle heirs in the vicinity of Boston, Philadelphia and up the Hudson, would be for sale.

The single tax would give the land back to the people, at least make it possible for people who want it to get what they could use. Those who have the desire to improve land, and improve themselves by improving it would no longer be blocked.

The fresh blood of the country which makes the enterprise of cities possible comes from the boys and girls who warmed their feet on October mornings where the cows laid down; who have been brought up to work on land, to plant and hoe and harvest and look after live stock. This is all education and very

necessary education. "A sand-pile and dirt in which to dig is the divine right of every child," says Judge Lindsey ❧ ❧

And if it is the divine right of a child to dig in the dirt, why is n't it the divine right of the grown-up? It is, and would be so recognized were it not for the fact that we have been obsessed by a fallacy called "the divine right of property." This idea has come down to us from the Reign of the Barons, when a dozen men owned all of England, and plain and unlettered people could not legally own a foot of land. All paid tribute to the Barons, who were actually and literally robbers.

We will grant of course that what a man produces and creates is his, but the land to which he may be legal heir and which probably he has never seen, and which certainly he does not use or improve, is his only through a legal fiction ❧ When the matter of legal fiction was explained to Col. Bumble and he was told that legally a husband knew the whereabouts of his wife, because the law regarded a man and wife as one, Col. Bumble replied with acerbity, "The law is a hass."

Comparatively few people have the courage of Col. Bumble, so they do not express themselves; but the commonsense of the world is now coming to believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law ❧ ❧

The only people who oppose the single tax are the holders of land who are hanging on to it expecting to grow rich through inertia.

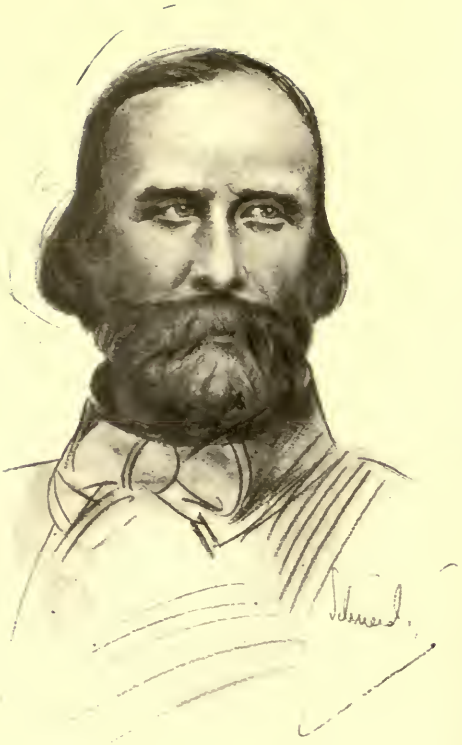
The problem of civilization is to eliminate the parasite. The idle person is no better than a dead one and takes up more room. The man who lives on the labor of others is a menace to himself and to society.

The taxes necessary to support the government should be paid by those who have the funds wherewith to be idle; no longer should the chief burden fall on the home-maker. ¶ Tax the land and the man who owns it will have to make it productive by labor, or else get out and allow some one else to have a chance.

Do not drive the landlords out—tax them out.

Let the land gravitate to the people who have the disposition and the ability to improve it—and that is just what the Single Tax will do. SO THIS THEN IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE.





Garibaldi

GARIBALDI

PRIESTS look backward, not forward. They think that there were once men better and wiser than those who now live, therefore priests distrust the living and insist that we shall be governed by the dead. I believe this is an error, and hence I set myself against the church and insist that men shall have the right to work out their lives in their own way, always allowing to others the right to work out their lives in their own way, too.

GARIBALDI in his Autobiography

GREAT REFORMERS

THE writer who tells the simple facts in the life of Garibaldi lays himself open to the charge of evolving melodrama, wild and riotous.

Garibaldi's personal friends and admirers always referred to him in such words as these: patriot, savior, father—noble, generous, pure-hearted, unselfish, devoted, philanthropic. ¶ They transferred the infallibility of Pope Pius IX. to his enemy, Garibaldi.

The Pope was not much given to rhetorical lyddite, so when the name of Garibaldi was mentioned he simply stopped his ears and hissed. He acknowledged that in all the bright lexicon of words there was not a symbol strong enough to express his contempt for Joseph Garibaldi.

The actual fact was that Pio Nono, for whom Garibaldi named his favorite donkey, had very much in common with Garibaldi ❧ Had they met as strangers on sea or plain, they would have delighted in each other's society. They were both kind, courteous, considerate, highly intelligent men. They were lovers of their kind.

Garibaldi's passion was to benefit men by giving them freedom. The pope's prayer was to benefit men by

giving them religion. ¶ But freedom without responsibility leads to license, and license unrestrained means slavery, and religion not safe-guarded by freedom is superstition; and what is superstition but slavery?

Before Garibaldi was twenty he began to read Mazzini, whom Margaret Fuller called the Emerson of Italy—and Margaret Fuller knew both Emerson and Mazzini intimately and well. She lived for one and died for the other.

Mazzini the delicate, the esthetic, the spiritual, the subtle, was a candle whose beams burned bright for all Italy ❧ His dream of a free and united Italy caught Garibaldi, the rugged, daring son of the sea and fired his heart. Mazzini was a thinker; Garibaldi a fighter. ¶ Italy had twice been queen of the world ❧ First, when Julius Cæsar ushered in an age of light ❧ And second when Columbus, child of Genoa, the same city that mothered Mazzini, sailed the seas ❧ The first Italian Renaissance we call the age of Augustus; the second, the age of Michael Angelo.

The third great tidal wave of reason, Garibaldi said would live as the age of Mazzini.

But there be those in Italy now, wise and influential, who call it the age of Garibaldi.

Without Mazzini, there would have been no Garibaldi. Italy would probably be to-day where she was when these young men conceived their patriotic dream: the

pope supreme temporal ruler of Rome, and the rest of Italy divided up into a dozen cringing provinces, each presided over by a princeling, who on favor of some patron, Austria, Germany or France, the favor duly vised by the Pope, was allowed to call himself a king. The final authority of the pope was undisputed in things both temporal and spiritual, and he who questioned or expressed his doubts was guilty of two crimes: heresy and treason, the two artificial papier mache offenses which made the dark ages very dark.

¶ The hope of Mazzini was to make Italy a republic. But the time was not yet ripe; they ousted the pope and fate compromised with destiny, and Victor Emmanuel, a republican monarchist from Sicily was made king in name, but with a safety brake in way of a ministry that could annul his edicts.

And so Mazzini and Garibaldi, each individually a failure, won—although success came not in the way they expected, nor was it their heart's desire.

That bold and magnificent equestrian statue of Garibaldi crowns the heights of Rome, looking down upon the Eternal City; the dust of Mazzini rests in a village churchyard, but both live in the hearts of humanity as men who gave their lives to make men free.



GARIBALDI was born in the city of Nice in 1807, being one of the advance guard of a brigade of genius, for great men come in groups ❧ His parents were poor, and being well under the heel of the priest were only fairly honest. The father was a waterman who plied the Riviera in a leaky schooner, poling, rowing, or sailing as Providence provided ❧ Once the good man was returning home after a cruise where ill luck was at the helm ❧ The priest had blessed him when he started, and would be on hand when he came back to receive his share of the loot, for business was then in Italy, and is yet, a kind of legalized freebooting ❧ Then it was that the honest fisherman lapsed and lifted the nets of another between the dawn and the day.

The son, then only twelve years of age, scorned the act and declared he would steal a ship or nothing. The boy was duly punished in the interests of piety and also to relieve the pent up emotions of the parents.

The heroic spirit of Garibaldi was not a legacy from either his father or mother. They however dowered him with health and great bodily strength, and this

physical superiority no doubt had much to do in shaping his life's course.

Men fall victims to their facility ☙ Musicians, for instance, often become intoxicated by their own sweet sounds, and are lured on to unseemliness, making much discord in life's symphony.

The late lamented Brann had a felicity and a facility in the use of words that finally cost him his life. Men with pistol facility and word felicity die by the pistol. The brain of the prize-fighter does not convolve—he relies more on his "jabs" than on thoughts that burn; and those who live by the hammer die by the hammer.

¶ There is no doubt but that Garibaldi's romantic career in a lifelong fight for freedom, was born of a liking for the fray, to express it bluntly, with freedom as a convenient excuse. This sounds unkind, but it is not. Garibaldi loved peace so much that he was willing to fight for it any day.

While yet a youth he became captain of his father's craft and Garibaldi Sr. took the wheel and obeyed orders ☙ ☙

Then we hear that Garibaldi was an expert swimmer, a rather unusual accomplishment for a sailor. He was always on the lookout for an opportunity to dive overboard, disrobing in the air, and rescuing the perishing. There is even a legend of his saving a washerwoman from drowning when he was but eight years old ☙ A captious critic has remarked that probably the old

lady fell into her washtub. Thereupon a kinsman of the great man comes forward to give the facts, which were that the woman was doing laundry work by the riverside, and stooping over, fell into the damp and was rescued by the boy ☙ But it also seems on the word of Garibaldi himself that the woman would not have fallen in had not the boy suddenly appeared behind her playing bear, thus bringing about the catastrophe which he averted.

When Garibaldi was twenty-one he was in command of a small schooner bound for the Black Sea on a trading expedition. The intent of the expedition was twofold: to sell the merchandise which the ship carried, and also if possible to capture certain bands of pirates that were infesting the dank, dark waters. It is perhaps quite needless to say that pirates are often men who are engaged in the laudable undertaking of protecting the shipping from pirates, just as admission to the bar is a sort of commercial letter of marque and reprisal.

That Garibaldi was a pirate only his enemies said. But anyway, Garibaldi and a band of twenty boys, all younger than himself, sailed away to victory or death. ¶ It proved to be neither, for they were captured by pirates who took their arms, provisions, merchandise, and even their compasses and clothing, leaving only their ship and the sky overhead and the water beneath. ¶ Garibaldi took the capture as coolly as did Cæsar

under similar conditions, and talked poetry and philosophy with the pirates, and the gentlemen gave back a few provisions, with apologies and regrets for having troubled so fine a gentleman.

The next day our friends, innocent of clothing, fell in with an English ship that ministered to their wants. Captain Taylor of the English ship was so impressed with the young captain that he wrote home about him, describing his courtesy, intelligence, and poetic fervor, all made manifest as Garibaldi stood on the deck of his schooner clad only in a door-mat.

At this time Garibaldi had read the history of his country; in imagination he saw the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. And better still he had figured out in his own mind why sleep and death, and moth and dust, and rust and ruin had settled down upon the race, and mankind had endured a thousand years of theological nightmare.

He knew that save in freedom alone does the intellect flower and blossom; that joy is the legal tender of the soul; that only through liberty can men progress and grow; and that great and beautiful work can only be done by a free and happy people.

The torch that fired his intellect was Mazzini, who was publishing a little periodical of protest that voiced what its editor felt, who wrote right out of his heart, and whose cry was, "Freedom and United Italy—an Italy free from the rule of the pope."

Mazzini, the son of a doctor, expressed what many thought and felt but dare not say ❧ He had stated in no mincing phrase that the rule of the priest meant mental subjugation and a gradual, creeping, insidious return of the dark ages ❧ He printed it on slips of paper and passed them out upon the street when but a youth in the High School.

Thereupon Mazzini had been duly cautioned, and on repeating the offense his little folder of ideas was suppressed, and the precious fonts and presses thrown into the sea with the street sweepings of the town. ¶ The next month Mazzini's magazine appeared just the same, printed by night at the office of a friend, and then its author was safely placed behind prison bars. The authorities dare not kill him—besides what is the use—but they proposed to teach him a wholesome lesson and break his fiery spirit, if possible, this being the policy that had continued from the time of Socrates. To hold truth secure by putting down the man of initiation; the man of insight who could see a better condition; all who were filled with a discontent that challenged the perfection of the present order: this to the many meant safety ❧ The men in power simply taking their cue from the rabble—"Away with him!" ¶ And Garibaldi hearing of the trouble that had come to Mazzini, whom he admired but had not met, hastened home and threw himself into the cause. He got together a little band of foolish youths and planned

a revolution. ¶ He enlisted as a sailor on board the "Eurydice," a government craft, intending to revolt, steal the ship and go to the rescue of Mazzini ❧ But about this time Mazzini was released with a warning, it being thought that a dreamy, penniless lawyer's clerk could not make much trouble anyway.

Mazzini and Garibaldi were totally different in their methods and habits of thought. Garibaldi reverenced Mazzini and called him master, and Mazzini admired the daring of Garibaldi, and no doubt was influenced and encouraged by him to continue sending out his little leaflets of liberty, that were secretly printed and circulated, read and re-read and passed along ❧ ❧ Examined by us now they seem innocent indeed, as harmless as pages lifted from Emerson's essay on "Nature," but actually they were the dynamite that was to rend the rocks of Italy's Gibraltar of orthodoxy. ¶ Matters were now culminating fast ❧ Mazzini and Garibaldi were organizing secret bands of "Young Italy." The arrangement was to secure and hold a certain point on the Swiss frontier as headquarters, and from there make open war upon Austria and the pope. Like John Brown, these zealous revolutionaries felt sure that at the call to arms, the subjugated provinces would cast off their shackles and join hands with the liberators. They did not realize that slavery is a condition of mind, and that as a class slaves are quite happy in their serfdom, being as unaware of their

true condition as are those caught in the coils of superstition. No one sees the coils but the free man on the outside. The beauty of freedom's fight is that it frees the fighter.

The secret societies known as "Young Italy" failed in their secrecy. No secrets can be kept excepting for a day. Spies were duly initiated, and the report of the daily doings was handed in to the pope and his council. To capture Garibaldi and Mazzini and hang them would have been easy; but to do this might bring about the very storm so much feared. So the word was passed that the conspirators were to be arrested; a price was placed upon their heads, and an opportunity was given them to escape.

Mazzini traveled leisurely through France, that offered him safe passage to London. Garibaldi remained on the border and with a little band engaged in joyous guerilla warfare, hoping for a general revolt. The time was not yet ripe, and nothing he could then do would gather up the scattered forces of freedom and crystallize them.

Fighting was on in South America—they are always fighting in South America—and Garibaldi thought he saw an opportunity to strike a blow for freedom, and so he sailed away for the equator, filled with a passion for freedom, desiring only to give himself for the benefit of humanity. Yet his heart was with "Young Italy," and that the time would come when he would

return and break the fetters that the pope had forged for the minds of men, he always knew and prophesied. Such was the firm purpose and unwavering faith of Joseph Garibaldi.



RRIVING in South America, Garibaldi took time to investigate conditions. Then he offered his services to Don Gonzales, who had set up a Republic on a side street, and was fighting the power of the Emperor of Brazil.

Don Gonzales was delighted with Garibaldi—Garibaldi won every one he desired to win. He had the rare quality which we call "personal charm."

Garibaldi was fitted out with a ship which he manned with sixteen of his countrymen—fighters of his own selection, men of his own intrepid spirit. This crew constituted the navy of the new republic, and Garibaldi was given the title, "Secretary of the Navy." He called his ship the "Mazzini," writing to the prophet and patriot in London for his blessing; but without waiting for it sailed away to victory. The first bout with the enemy secured them a prize in the way of a

ship four times the size of their own, well provisioned and carrying one hundred men ☙ Garibaldi at once scuttled his own craft, ran up his flag on board the prize, and calling all hands on deck solemnly christened her the "Mazzini," in loving token of the ship just sent to Davy Jones' locker ☙ Then the question arose, what should be done with the prisoners?

Garibaldi gave them their choice of being sent to shore in safety, with a week's provisions and their side-arms, or re-enlisting under his own glorious banner. The men without parley, one and all cried, "We are yours to do with as you will!" Emerson says, "The work of eloquence is to change the opinions of a lifetime in twenty minutes." This being true, Garibaldi must have been eloquent, and eloquence is personality. The Corsican, in his little corporal's uniform, walked out before the legions sent to capture him, and before he had uttered a word, they cried, "Command us!" and threw down their arms.

The power of Garibaldi over men was superb. He won through the devotion of his soldiers. When he struck he hit quick and hard, and then he made his victory secure by magnanimity toward the defeated ☙ It was his policy never to put prisoners in irons, or disgrace or humiliate them. He banished hate from their hearts by saying, "You are brave fighters! You are after my own heart. I need you!"

Julius Cæsar had a deal of this same temperament,

and if the sober, serious, spiritual and priestly quality of Mazzini could have been fused with the fighting spirit of Garibaldi we would have had the Julian soul once more with us. Possibly Rome is not yet dead, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding.

GARIBALDI and his gallant crew on board the "Mazzini" kept the enemy speculating. On one occasion when pursued, Garibaldi ran his ship up a narrow bay, one of the winding mouths of the Amazon. The two ships in pursuit were sure they had him in a trap and followed fast, intending to drive him so far inland that when the tide turned he would be held fast on the rocks, and then they could land a force, as they had five times as many men as he, and shoot his ship full of holes at their leisure from the shore. But Garibaldi was a sailor, and he had the true pilot's intuition for finding the channel. Suddenly as the pursuing ships rounded a bend, from the height of a commanding precipice a deadly stream of shot and shell was poured down through the defenseless decks. And the gunners on the ships could

not elevate their cannon to get the range. Garibaldi had taken his best cannon from his ship and masked this battery on shore. For two months he had worked to lure the enemy to their ruin. The scheme worked.

¶ On shore he was equally fertile in resource, and his plan of getting his troops in the neighborhood of the enemy and lighting long lines of camp-fires so as to mislead as to the number of his troops, was with him a common form of strategy. Then lo! as his camp-fires burned brightly, he would circle the foe and stampede them by simultaneous attacks on both flanks, making a mob of what twenty minutes before was an army.

¶ He also had a way of retreating before the enemy, and at last making a seeming stubborn resistance on some friendly ridge or hilltop. The enemy would then pause, re-form and charge. But a thousand yards before the hilltop would be reached, Garibaldi's men, secreted in sunken roadways or the dry beds of waterways, would rise like sprouting dragon's teeth and scatter their rain of death. His men wore bright red shirts so as to protect themselves from the danger of being shot by their own comrades. Later the appearance of the red shirt struck terror to the foe. In Italy now when you see a red-shirted brigade, do not imagine it is a volunteer fire company out for a holiday, it is merely a company of militia called "The Garibaldians."

Garibaldi became a sort of superstition in South

America. His appearance on land or sea, at seemingly the same time, his sudden sallies and miraculous disappearances carried out the idea that he was the devil incarnate. The armies sent to capture him came home with the report, "We would have killed or captured him, but alas, God ordained that he should not be found."

Fighting along the shore with simply a few ships, by co-operating with the land forces, and having that scouted and maligned thing, "horse marines," at his quick command, he wore the enemy to a frazzle. His tactics were those of Quintus Fabius who supplied us our word "Fabian"—opportunist. Fabius fought the combined hosts of Hannibal for ten years, as one to five, and was never captured and never defeated. When peace was declared he dictated his own terms, and was given royal honors when he rode through the streets of Rome at the head of his tattered troops, just as Christian DeWet, the valiant Boer, was tendered an ovation when he visited London which he had first festooned with crape.

GARIBALDI was operating in a horse country, a country, by the way, in physical features, not unlike that over which DeWet occasionally rode at the rate of one hundred miles from sunset to day-dawn Garibaldi, although a sailor born, did not ride a horse with face toward the horse's tail as sailor men are said to do in one of Kipling's merry tales. However, he might have done so, for he was a most daring rider, and in South America filled in the time by many excursions ashore, where he chose his companions from the ship by lot, there always being a great desire of the men to follow close to their beloved leader. He insisted that all of his men should be horsemen as well as soldiers, for no one could tell when they might have to abandon their ships and take to the land.

These wild, free excursions into the sparsely settled interior were not fraught with much danger, for the plainsmen were mostly with the republic, and Garibaldi took great pains to treat with the citizen's family. For instance, although cattle were plentiful and of little value, when he wanted fresh meat he always asked for it. The same with horses. "Treat citizens as

friends, informing them that you come to protect, not to destroy," was his injunction.

One valuable possession Garibaldi secured in Brazil, however, was taken without legal permission ☙ It seems Garibaldi on one of his journeys inland had halted with six of his band for dinner at the house of a planter and ranchman ☙ The place was fair to look upon, the house situated in a clump of trees that lined the bank of a stream ☙ Near at hand were orange groves and great banks of azaleas in full bloom. On the hillside were grapes that grew in purple clusters, which made poor Garibaldi think of his far-off Italy, the home from which he was exiled, and to which return meant death.

Garibaldi reined into the yard and sat hatless on his horse looking at this scene of peace, prosperity and gentle, smiling beauty ☙ A sense of loneliness swept over him. He thought of himself as a homeless outcast, without love, friendless, fighting an eternal fight for people whom he did not know, and very few of whom indeed knew him even by name.

A barking of the dogs brought several servants to the door. On seeing the red-shirted soldiers, their rifles across the pommels of their saddles, the servants hastily ran back and proceeded to bar the doors and windows. Garibaldi smiled wearily and was inwardly debating whether he would try to show the inmates of the house that he was a friend or ride away.

Just then the door opened and a woman came out on the veranda ✍ She was a young woman, not over twenty; dark, slight, handsome and intelligent. She looked at Garibaldi, and her self-possession made the invincible fighter blush to the roots of his long yellow hair and tawny beard. She was not afraid. She walked down the steps, and in a pleasant voice said, "You are Garibaldi." And Garibaldi was on the point of denying it, for he had not heard a woman's voice in four months, and was all unnerved. His tongue refused to do its bidding, and he only bowed, and then tried to apologize for his intrusion.

"You are Garibaldi, and if you insist on remaining to dinner, I will prepare the meal for you—I can do nothing else."

She spoke in Spanish, and as Garibaldi replied, he was mindful that his Castilian was terribly broken ✍ Then he spoke in Italian, and when she answered in very broken Latin they both smiled. They were even. When he learned that her husband was not at home he refused to enter the house, but sat on the veranda, and there the lady served him and his companions with her own fair hands, as the servants stood by and looked on perplexed. Garibaldi did not eat much—his appetite had vanished ✍ He followed the frail and beautiful young woman furtively with his eyes as she moved back and forth heaping the plates of his hungry troopers. He thought she looked sad and preoccupied.

¶ Garibaldi tried to speak, but his Spanish had suddenly taken wing. But when the lady entered the house and returned with one of Mazzini's little pamphlets on liberty, he started and then almost sobbed as he read the well remembered words, "Do that which is right, and fear no man, for man was made to be free." He saw that the pamphlet was one of the master's earliest productions, and how it should have preceded him four thousand miles he could only guess, and the lady's command of Italian was not sufficient to explain. But in his joy he held out his hand to her, and she responded to his grasp ❧ There was an understanding ❧ They were both lovers of liberty ❧ ❧

Garibaldi felt that he must not remain—he must hasten away ere he said or did something foolish. "You must not come back, my husband is a royalist," said the lady, "and he will be greatly displeased when he knows you have been here. But you were hungry and I have fed you, now good-by." She held out her hand and then hastily broke away before the soldier could take it. Garibaldi mounted his horse, and followed by the troopers, rode slowly down the bed of the stream, and as they disappeared into the thicket of azaleas, Garibaldi looked back. The lady was standing on the veranda leaning against a pillar ❧ She held up the Mazzini pamphlet ❧ Garibaldi removed his hat ❧

GARIBALDI was on a tour of inspection, getting a good idea of the coast line, and patriotism and duty should have kept him steadily on the march ✍ But something else was tugging at his heart. He rode ten miles, halted & pitched camp. Early the next morning he rode back alone, leaving his rifle behind but keeping his pistols in his belt. He wanted to see the husband of the beautiful young lady. The man must be a pretty good kind of a man—a royalist by birth probably, but if he could be rightly informed might become a friend of the cause.

When Garibaldi reached the house the lady was on the veranda—she seemed to be expecting him ✍ She was sad, pale, serious, and dressed in blue. She called her husband out and introduced him and he and Garibaldi shook hands. Garibaldi tried to talk with him about Mazzini, but as near as Garibaldi could guess the rancher had never heard the name.

The man was fully twenty years older than his wife, and Garibaldi guessed from his looks, that his wealth was an inheritance, not an accumulation ✍ A little further talk and the facts developed as Garibaldi had suspected—the man was a degenerate scion of Spanish

aristocracy. He seemed too stupid or too indifferent to know who his visitor was, or what he stood for. He brought out strong drink and then suggested cards as a diversion.

Garibaldi did not like the looks of the man and courteously declined his pasteboard suggestions ❧ All the time the young woman stood a little way off and looked wistfully at the red-shirted soldier ❧ Her lips moved in pantomime—she was trying to say something to him.

Garibaldi talked about nothing, laughed aloud and requested his host to mix him a drink. While the man was busy at the sideboard Garibaldi moved carelessly toward the woman and caught her whispered words, "Do not drink—go at once—he has sent for help—the place will be surrounded in half an hour—go, I implore you!" ¶ And all the time Garibaldi talked garrulously and sauntered around the room. He took up the glass the man handed him, and raising it to his lips, did not drink—but tossed the contents full into the face of the person who had prepared the mixture ❧ The man coughed, sputtered, swore, and Garibaldi backed to the door, one hand on a pistol at his belt. He reached the veranda and looked for his horse. The horse was gone! Garibaldi sprang back into the house, covering the royalist with his pistol. "My horse, or you die—order my horse brought to the door!" The man protested, begged, swore he knew nothing about the horse.

"I'll fetch your horse!" called the woman, and running around the house brought the horse from a thicket where it had evidently been led by some servant. Again Garibaldi backed out of the house, requesting the man to follow, which he obediently did at a distance of five paces, his hands high in the air, as if in blessing. With pistol still in hand Garibaldi mounted the horse, and as he did so the little lady moaned—"He may kill me for this—but I would do it again—for you!" Garibaldi kicked his right foot out of the stirrup, and held out his hand. The lady without the slightest hesitation placed her foot in the empty stirrup and leaped lightly up behind. As she did so Garibaldi fired two shots well over the head of the paralyzed husband of his late wife, and gave his horse the spurs. In a minute horse and riders, two, were more than a quarter of a mile away over the plain, the lady seated safely behind, her arms gently but surely enfolding the red shirt. As they passed over a ridge they looked back, and there stood the degenerate scion of royalty, his hands high above his head. He had forgotten to take them down.

BUT should any prosaic reader imagine that this little story is too melodramatic to be true, I refer him to the monograph "Garibaldi the Patriot," by Alexander Dumas, who got his data from the record written by Garibaldi, himself So Moreover, Anita, for it was she, told the tale to Madame Brabante who in turn gave the facts to Margaret Fuller Ossoli. ¶ We do not know Anita's last name ❧ When she placed her foot in the stirrup of Garibaldi's saddle she gave herself to him, body, mind and spirit, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, through evil and good report, forever. By that act she left the past behind; even the name "Anita" was a name that Garibaldi gave her, and if he ever knew the story of her life before they met, he never thought it worth while to mention it. Probably he did not care—life for both of them really dated from the day they met. He was thirty-one, she was twenty-two.

When Garibaldi rode into camp, with the lady on the crupper, the six red-shirted ones in waiting were not surprised ❧ They were never surprised at anything their master did. They believed in him as they believed in God—only more so ❧ And so they asked no

questions—for Garibaldi was one of the men that common men never interrogated.

"Break camp!" was the order, and in ten minutes they were on the march, two men trailing a mile behind as a rear-guard. At midnight they were safely aboard the good ship "Mazzini."

Anita proved herself a worthy mate for Garibaldi. She was the first woman to wear a Garibaldi waist, although for the most part she wore men's clothes, with two pistols in her belt and a rifle in her hands, and wherever Joseph went, there went Anita ✍ She was his servant, his slave, his comrade, his wife. Read his autobiography and you will find how lasting, loyal and tender his devotion was toward her ✍ He was a fatalist—a man without fear—and many times when surrounded by an overwhelming foe, he simply bided his time and fought his way through to safety. "When other men are ready to surrender, I hold fast," he said. When once cut off by four soldiers of the enemy, and they approached with loaded rifles and bayonets fixed, he drew his sword and shouted, "I am Garibaldi—you are my prisoners!" and down went the rifles.

At another time he and Anita were caught by a band of forty troopers in a log cabin in a clearing ✍ They flung open the door, and standing, one on each side, showed only the long glittering point of a spear across the doorway ✍ The enemy demanded a parley, but finally not knowing the number of persons inside and

realizing positively that a charge meant death for two of the company, they withdrew. Silence and the unknown are the only things really terrible.

And so Joseph and Anita lived and loved and fought, and incidentally studied the few books which they possessed, and at odd times wrote poetry ✍ A year after that first ride on the back of the horse that carried double, a son was born to them. A contemporary tells of seeing Anita riding horseback, the chubby babe carried like a papoose, looking out wonderingly at the world, which for him was just six months old. In three years this baby boy was riding behind his mother on the crupper and another baby had come to do the papoose act.

So passed eight years of adventure by land and sea, in wood and vale, on mountain and plain ✍ Garibaldi had given Brazil all the freedom she deserved—all she knew how to use. He was crowned as "The Hero of Montevideo," and could have taken a place high in the councils of the state. But across the sea he heard the rumble of battle going on in his beloved fatherland, and the dream of a United Italy was still vivid in his mind, and of course, vivid too, in the mind of Anita. So they sailed away, taking with them a hundred of their loyal, loving men in the red shirts who refused to be left behind. Arriving in Italy, Garibaldi went at once to the home of his mother, who had mourned him as lost and now received him as one risen from

the dead. Anita and the children appealed to the good woman and her heart went out to them, as if, indeed, they were all her own, loved into life.

When all at once, remembering her son's indifference for the Church, she asked when and where they were married. Joseph looked at Anita, and Anita looked at Joseph, and then they acknowledged that they had only been married by a sailor, who had said the ceremony as he remembered it, adding, "And may God have mercy on your souls." Hastily the mother packed them off to a priest who administered the right of extreme marital unction, and charged them double fee on account of their carelessness ❧ They paid the fee, laughing inwardly, but glad to relieve the mother of her qualms. ¶ The children were left in the care of the grandmother, and Joseph and Anita went forth to enlist under the banner of Charles Albert of Piedmont and make war on superstition and the pope.



CHARLES ALBERT had been a staunch supporter of the very conditions against which the striplings, Joseph Mazzini and Joseph Garibaldi, had made war upon twenty years previous ❧ But nations, like men, sometimes have experiences that make them grow by throes and throbs, by leaps and bounds. The writings of Mazzini had been constantly distributed and circulated, and the fact that they were tabooed by the government added to the joys of the illicit. A well defined wave of republicanism swept the land. Those sensitive to ideas awoke, like lilacs sensitive to the breath of May.

King Charles Albert, of all the Italian kinglets, alone guessed the temper of his people, and issued to them a constitution with the right of franchise. This meant war upon the Austrian protectorate and the pope ❧ Volunteers from the other provinces flocked to the standard of Piedmont ❧ And about this time it was that Garibaldi and Anita offered their services to the insurgent army. Charles Albert feared his old time foe—Garibaldi was of a nature that hated compromise and the Piedmontese could not understand how he was willing to fight under the banner of a king, even a king

who had foresworn tyranny and reform. But other provinces were seceding and ere long Joseph Garibaldi found himself at the head of a thousand Neapolitans, all clad in red shirts, well armed, carrying banners upon which were sentiments like these: "Man was made to be free!" "Down with priest and pope!" and "Let us own ourselves!"

The reformer paints things with a broom; exaggeration is a necessary part of his equipment. Garibaldi could not understand that Italy was not ripe for a simple religion of love for wife, child and neighbor, paying one's debts and earning one's daily bread by honest toil. He could not appreciate that the many really did not care for either political or mental freedom, much preferring mendicancy to work, and quite willing to delegate their thinking to a college of cardinals. And so he waged his earnest fight, with a faith as full and complete as the faith that actuated Old John Brown, whose soul goes marching on.

In 1849, some of the provinces had capitulated and joined forces with France and Austria, the insurgent leaders having been promised places in the excise: the compromise no doubt hastened by cold and hunger. Garibaldi's own force was much reduced and he took to the mountains, abandoning his cavalry equipment. Orders were out that he, or any of his band, caught should be shot without trial, by fours in presence of their companions and the army. Thirty of his men and

four of his best officers had been so executed. ¶ He and Anita were surrounded and had taken refuge in a cornfield. Anita was wounded and delirious with thirst and fever ❧ A Garibaldian had volunteered to go for water across an open field. Garibaldi watched the man and saw him shot down by French soldiers in ambush. He remained, knowing the enemy would soon come out of hiding to rob the dead. Garibaldi waited close beside the body of his dead companion, and killed with his own hands the man who had done the deed.

He got the water and carried it back to Anita in the cornfield. But she now had no need of it—she was dead. Garibaldi remained by the body until nightfall, and then carried it to the house of a peasant nearby. He made the peasant woman understand that the dead was a woman, a mother, like herself, and must be given decent burial—the woman understood.

The torches of the enemy could be seen near at hand trailing Garibaldi from the cornfield to the house. He covered the beloved form with his scarf, and giving the peasant woman his purse, hurried forth barely in time to elude the pursuers. He made his way alone to the seashore and found refuge in Venice.

There was a price upon his head, but still there were many throughout Italy from Milan to Sicily who spoke of him as patriot and savior.

As a diplomatic move Rome relented and Garibaldi was allowed to move to Caprera, a rocky island ten

miles from the coast. Here he lived with his mother and children, writing, studying, farming, lived as Victor Hugo lived at Guernsey, only without the wealth, but in touch with Mazzini, exiled in London.

¶ In 1853 Garibaldi came to New York and remained nearly two years ❧ He went into business under an assumed name and accumulated two thousand dollars, so the little business must have prospered.

❧ In 1854 Naples was again in revolt, and Garibaldi heard the trumpets of battle from afar ❧ He returned to Italy and with his two thousand dollars bought the Island of Caprera, that his children might be insured a home, and also, possibly, to convince the government at Rome that he had come to stay.

Twice he left his beloved Caprera to work out his great dream of a United Italy. He fought with troops that had no commissary; battled with superstition; and saw his name belittled by those he sought to serve. Finally he entered Naples at the head of an army and was proclaimed Dictator. But statesmanship is business; and business is to organize, and discipline, and use the forces of monotonous peace ❧ Garibaldi expected too much, he wanted to see the Church uprooted, the princes sent on their way, and the people supreme. This was not to be. He did, however, live to see the pope relinquish his temporal power, and a United Italy, but with Victor Emmanuel, son of Charles Albert, as king. The people still wanted a

king, and they wanted their Church, even though an emasculated one.

In 1870, Garibaldi and his son, the firstborn of Anita, offered their services to Gambetta and enlisted with France to fight against Germany ❧ And yet Garibaldi had nothing against Germany, and had fought France in many a tedious campaign, but he thought that France now stood opposed to papal power, while Germany sympathized with it.

After the war Garibaldi was elected to the Italian Parliament and performed, at least, one good piece of work; he succeeded in getting an appropriation to erect a statue of Bruno upon the exact spot where this lover of truth and right was burned alive by order of the pope for teaching that the earth revolved.

In September, 1904, the World's Free Thought Convention was held in Rome, and a committee was appointed to decorate the statue of Bruno and hold at its base a memorial meeting ❧ The principal address was by Ernst Haeckel. In the course of his remarks Haeckel said:

We meet in the Eternal City in the cause of liberty and the cause of truth. We need to express, each in his own way, unfettered and unvexed by coercion and fear of suppression, the things we believe are right and just and beautiful, and should be said. We know but little, but in this we are agreed that there is no final, arbitrary and dogmatic truth ❧ Truth is a point of view; as we know more and comprehend more, we

will express more. Man has to-day freedom to breathe, freedom to study, freedom to grow, such as he never before had since time began ✍ Man has to-day more faith than he ever had before—more faith in himself, more faith in his fellows. Thinking like the physical act of walking is a matter of faith. For the privilege of being here to-day, in this place, expressing what we think, we are under special obligations to one man, and the entire world of progress is under obligation to this man—and that man is Garibaldi.

Garibaldi passed peacefully away at his beloved Caprera in 1882, aged 75, gently ministered to by his children and grandchildren. The insurance company that might have insured his life when he was twenty would have made money on the transaction regardless of rate. Yet he was the hero of sixty-seven battles on land and sea, and engaged in over two hundred personal encounters where rifles, pistols, stilettos, swords or cudgels played their part. Behold the irony of fate!

No man was ever more detested, hated, feared—no man was ever better loved. That he was a sternly, honest, sincere man, singularly pure in motive and abstemious in habit, even his bitterest enemies do not dispute ✍ If Savonarola was God-intoxicated, Garibaldi was freedom-mad.

He refused bribes, declined honors, put aside titles, and died as penniless as he was born, and as he had lived. His life was consecrated to one thing—LIBERTY!



Richard Cobden

RICHARD COBDEN

WHAT I contend is that England is to-day so situated in every particular of her domestic and foreign circumstances, that by leaving other governments to settle their own business and fight out their own quarrels, and by attending to the vast and difficult affairs of her own enormous realm, and the condition of her people, she will not only be setting the world an example of noble morality, which no other nation is so happily free to set, but she will be following the very course which the maintenance of her own greatness most imperatively demands. It is precisely because Great Britain is so strong in resources, in courage, in institutions, in geographical position, that she can, before all other European powers, afford to be moral, and to set the example of a mighty nation walking in the paths of justice and peace.

COBDEN—Speech in Parliament

GREAT REFORMERS



ICHARD COBDEN never had any chance in life. He was born in an obscure hamlet of West Sussex, England, in 1804. His father was a poor farmer, who lost his freehold and died at the top, whipped out, discouraged when the lad was ten years old. Richard Cobden became a porter, a clerk, a traveling salesman, a mill-owner, a member of parliament, an economist, a humanitarian, a statesman, a reformer. Up to his thirteenth year he was chiefly interested in the laudable task of making a living—getting on in the world. During that year, and seemingly all at once and nothing first, just as bubbles do when they burst, he beheld the problem of business from the broad vantage ground of humanitarianism. But he did not burst, for his dreams were spun out of life's realities, and to-day are coming true; in fact many of them came true in his own time. Richard Cobden ceased to be provincial and became universal. ¶ He saw that commerce instead of being merely a clutch for personal gain was the chief factor in civilization. He realized that we are educated through our efforts to get food and clothing; and therefore the man who ministers to the material wants of humanity is

really the true priest. The development of every animal has come about through its love emotions and its struggle to exist.

A factory in a town changes every person in the town, mentally and physically. This being true, does not the management of this factory call for men of heart and soul; broad-minded, generous, firm in the right? Then every factory is influenced by the laws of the land, and each country is influenced by the laws of other countries, since most countries that are engaged in manufacturing find a market abroad.

Cobden set himself to inquire into the causes of discontent and failure, of progress and prosperity. And not content to merely philosophize, he carried his theories into his own enterprises.

Many of our modern business betterments seem to have had their rise in the restless, prophetic brain of Richard Cobden. He of all men sought to make commerce a science, and business a fine art. The world moves slowly. It was only about ten years ago that we in America thought to have in our president's cabinet a Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

Listen to what Cobden wrote in 1843: "In the close council of every king, or president, or prince, should be a man of affairs whose life is devoted to commerce and labor, and the needs and requirements of peace. His work is of far greater moment than that of men of war. Battle-ships ever form a suggestion for their

use, and as long as we have armies, men will kill, fight and destroy. Soldiers who do not want to fight are not of this earth. Prepare for war and war will come. When government gives to the arts of peace the same thought and attention that it gives to the arts of war, we will have peace on earth and good will among men. But so long as the soldier takes precedence of the business man in the political courts of the world; famine, death, disease and want will crouch at our doors. Commerce is production, war is destruction & The laws of production and distribution must and will be made a science; and then and not until then will happiness come to mankind and this earth serve as a pattern for the paradise of another life, instead of being a pandemonium."

It is good to see that President Roosevelt has recently appointed to the position of Secretary of Commerce and Labor, one of the best and strongest men in America—a man of the true Richard Cobden type. At this time when a few over-zealous individuals are calling for a stronger army and an irresistible navy, it is surely well for the president to have near him a man who believes with Ernest Crosby that, "Satan still finds mischief for idle ships to do," and with Richard Cobden that, "The temptations in business are so great that it demands the highest type of conscience; the clearest brain and the most genuine manhood that can be enlisted."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON defines commerce as carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Business is that field of endeavor which undertakes to supply the materials to humanity that life demands. ¶ The clergy are our spiritual advisors, preparing us for a pleasant and easy place in another world. The lawyers advise us on legal themes—showing us how to obey the law, or else evade it, and they protect us from lawyers ✍ The doctors look after us when disease attacks our bodies—or when we think it does.

We used to talk about "The Three Learned Professions"—if we use the phrase now, it is only in a Pickwickian sense—for we realize that there are at present fifty-seven varieties of learned men.

The greatest and most important of all the professions is that of Commerce or Business. Medicine and law have their specialties—a dozen each—but business has ten thousand specialties or divisions.

So important do we now recognize business, or this ministering to the material wants of humanity that theology has shifted its ground, and within a few years has declared that to eat rightly, dress rightly

and work rightly are the fittest preparation for a life to come ❧ ❧

The best lawyers now are business men, and their work is to keep the commercial craft in a safe channel where it will not split on the rocks of litigation nor founder in the shallows of misunderstanding ❧ Every lawyer will tell you this, "To make money you must satisfy your customers."

The greatest change in business came with the one-price system.

The old idea was for the seller to get as much as he possibly could for everything he sold. Short weight, short count and inferiority in quality were considered quite proper and right, and when you bought a dressed turkey from a farmer, if you did not discover the stone inside the turkey when you weighed it and paid for it, there was no redress. The laugh was on you ❧ And moreover a legal maxim—caveat emptor—"let the buyer beware," made cheating legally safe.

Dealers in clothing guaranteed neither fit nor quality, and anything you paid for, once wrapped up and in your hands, was yours beyond recall—"Business is business," was a maxim that covered many sins.

A few hundred years ago business was transacted mostly through fairs, ships, and by peddlers ❧ Your merchant of that time was a peripatetic rogue who reduced prevarication to a system.

The booth gradually evolved into a store, with the

methods and customs of the irresponsible keeper intact, the men cheated their neighbors and chuckled in glee until their neighbors cheated them, which of course, they did. Then they cursed each other, began again and did it all over. John Quincy Adams tells of a certain deacon who kept a store near Boston, and always added in the year 1775, at top of the column, as seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents.

The amount of misery, grief, disappointment, shame, distress, woe, suspicion and hate caused by a system which wrapped up one thing when the buyer expected another, and took advantage of his innocence and ignorance as to quality and value, cannot be computed in figures. Suffice it to say that duplicity in trade has had to go. The self-preservation of the race demanded honesty, square dealing, one price to all. The change only came after a struggle, and we are not quite sure of the one-price yet.

But we have gotten thus far, that the man who cheats in trade is tabu. Honesty as a business asset is fully recognized. If you would succeed in business you can not afford to sell a man something he does not want; neither can you afford to disappoint him in quality any more than in count ✍ Other things being equal, the merchant who has the most friends, will make the most money. Our enemies will not deal with us ✍ To make a sale and acquire an enemy is poor policy. To a peddler or a man who ran a booth at a

bazaar or fair, it was "get your money now or never." Buyer and seller were at war ❧ One transaction and they never met again. The air was full of hate and suspicion, and the savage propensity of physical destruction was refined to a point where hypocrisy and untruth took the place of violence—the buyer was as bad as the seller—if he could buy below cost he boasted of it. To catch a merchant who had to have money, was glorious—we smote him hip and thigh! Later we discover that being strangers he took us in. ¶ The one-price system has come as a necessity, since it reduces the friction of life and protects the child or simple person in the selection of things needed, just the same as if the buyer were an expert in values and a person who could strike back if imposed upon. Safety, peace and decency demanded the one-price system. And so we have it—with possibly a discount to the clergy, to school teachers, and relatives as close as second cousins ❧ But when we reach the point where we see that all men are brothers, we will have absolute honesty and one price to all.

And this change in the methods of business, and in our mental attitude towards trade have all grown out of dimly-perceived but deeply-felt belief in the brotherhood of man, of the solidarity of the race. Also in the further belief that life in all of its manifestations is Divine ❧ ❧

Therefore he who ministers to the happiness and

well-being of the life of another is a priest and is doing God's work. Men must eat, they must be clothed, they must be housed ❧ It is quite as necessary that you should eat good food, as that you should read good books, hear good music, hear good sermons, or look upon beautiful pictures. The necessary is the sacred. ❧ There are no menial tasks. "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." The physical reacts on the spiritual and the spiritual on the physical, and rightly understood, are one and the same thing. We live in a world of spirit and our bodies are the physical manifestation of a spiritual thing, which for lack of a better word we call "God." ❧ We change men by changing their environment. Commerce changes the environment and gives us a better society. To supply good water, better sanitary appliances, better heating apparatus, better food, served in a more dainty way—these are all tasks worthy of the highest intelligence and devotion that can be brought to bear upon them, and every Christian preacher in the world to-day so recognizes, believes and preaches. We have ceased to separate the secular from the sacred. That is sacred which serves.

Once a business man was a person who not only thrived by taking advantage of the necessities of people, but who banked on their ignorance of values. But all wise men now know that the way to help yourself is to help humanity. We benefit ourselves only as we

benefit others. And the recognition of these truths is what has to-day placed the business man at the head of the learned professions—he ministers to the necessities of humanity.



UT of blunder and bitterness comes wisdom ❧ Men are taught through reaction, and all experience that does not kill you is good.

When the father of Richard Cobden gave up hope and acknowledged defeat, the family of a full dozen were farmed out among relatives. The kind kinsman who volunteered to look after the frail and sensitive Richard, evaded responsibility by placing the lad in a boy's boarding school ❧ Here he remained from his tenth until his sixteenth year. Once a year he was allowed to write a letter home to his mother, but during the five years he saw her but once.

Hunger and heartache have their uses. Richard Cobden lived to strike the boarding school fallacy many a jolting blow, but it required Charles Dickens to complete the work by ridicule, just as Robert Ingersoll laughed the devil out of church. We fight for every-

thing, until the world regards it as ridiculous, then we abandon it. As long as war is regarded as heroic we will fight for it; when it becomes absurd it will die.

¶ Said Richard Cobden in a speech in the House of Commons: "Of all the pathetic fallacies perpetuated none seems to me more cruelly absurd than the English Boarding School for boys. The plan of taking the child of seven, eight or ten years, away from his parents, and giving him into the keeping of persons who have only a commercial interest in him, and compelling him to fight for his life among little savages as unhappy as himself, or sink into miserable submission, seems too horrible to contemplate." Yet this plan of so-called education continued up to about fifty years ago and was upheld and supported by the best society of England, including the clergy, who were usually directly particeps criminis in the business.

Logic and reason failed to dislodge the folly, and finally it was left to a stripling reporter, turned novelist, to give us Squeers and Dothe-boys Hall. This fierce ridicule was the only thing which finally punctured the rhinocerous hide of the pedagogic blunder.

There is one test for all of our educational experiments: Will it bring increased love? That which breeds hate and fosters misery is bad in every star. Compare the boarding school idea with the gentle philosophy of Friedrich Froebel, and note how Froebel always insists that the education of the mother and her child should

go forward hand in hand ❧ Motherhood is for the mother, and she who shifts the care of her growing child to a Squeers, not only immerses her child in misery but loses the opportunity of her life.

When Richard was sixteen he was transferred from the boarding school to his uncle's warehouse in London. His position was that of a poor relation, and his work in the warehouse was to carry bundles and manipulate a broom ❧ His shy and sensitive ways caught the attention of a burly and gruff superintendent, whose gruffness was only on the outside. This man said to the boy, before he had been sweeping a week, "Young 'un, I obsarve with my hown hies that you sweeps in the corners. For this I raises your pay a shilling a week, and makes you monkey to the shipping clerk."

In a year the shipping clerk was needed as a salesman and Richard took his place. In another year Richard was a salesman, and canvassing London for orders. Very shortly after he became convinced that to work for relations was a mistake. Twenty years later the thought crystallized in his mind thus: Young man, you had better neither hire relatives, nor work for them. It means servility or tyranny or both. You do not want to be patronized nor placed under obligations, nor have other helpers imagine you are a favorite. To grow you must be free—let merit count and nothing else. Probably this was what caused a wise man to

say, "The devil sent us our relatives, but thank heaven we can choose our friends for ourselves." Relatives often assume a fussy, patronizing management, which outsiders never do. And so at twenty we find Cobden cutting loose from relatives. He went to work as a commercial traveler selling cotton prints. That English custom of the "commercial dinner," where all the merry "bagmen" who happen to be in the hotel dine at a common table, as a family, and take up a penny collection for the waiter, had its rise in the brain of Cobden. He thought that traveling salesmen should have friendly companionship, and the commercial dinner with its frank discussions and good fellowship would in degree compensate for the lack of home. This idea of brotherhood was very strong in Richard Cobden's heart. And always at these dinners he turned the conversation into high and worthy channels, bringing up questions of interest to the "boys," and trying to show them that the more they studied the laws of travel, the more they knew about commerce, the greater their power as salesmen. His journal about this time shows, "Expense five shillings for Benjamin Franklin's 'Essays,'" and the same for "Plutarch's Lives." And from these books he read aloud at the bagmen's dinners.

Cobden anticipated in many ways that excellent man Arthur F. Sheldon, and endeavored to make salesmanship a fine art.

From a salesman on a salary, he evolved into a salesman on a salary and commission. Next he made a bold stand with two fellow-travelers and asked for the exclusive London agency of a Manchester print mill. A year later he was carrying a line of goods worth forty thousand pounds on unsecured credit. "Why do you entrust me with all these goods when you know I am not worth a thousand pounds in my own name?" And the senior member of the great house of Fort, Sons & Company answered, "Mr. Cobden, we consider the moral risk more than we do the financial one. Our business has been built up by trusting young, active men of good habits. With us character counts." And Cobden went up to London and ordered the words, "Character Counts!" cut deep in a two-inch oak plank which he fastened to the wall in his office.

At twenty-seven his London brokerage business was netting him an income of twelve hundred pounds a year. It seems at this time that Fort & Sons had a mill at Sabden, which on account of mismanagement on the part of superintendents had fallen into decay. The company was thinking of abandoning the property, and the matter was under actual discussion when in walked Cobden.

"Sell it to Cobden," said one of the directors, smiling.

"For how much?" asked Cobden.

"A hundred thousand pounds," was the answer.

"I'll take it," said Cobden, "on twenty years' time

with the privilege of paying for it sooner if I can." Cobden had three valuable assets in his composition—health, enthusiasm and right intent ❧ Let a banker once feel that the man knows what he is doing, and is honest, and money is always forthcoming.

And so Cobden took possession of the mill at Sabden. Six hundred workers were employed, and there was not a school nor a church in the village. The workers worked when they wanted, and when they did not, they quit. Every pay-day they tramped off to neighboring towns, and did not come back until they had spent their last penny. In an endeavor to discipline them, the former manager had gotten their ill-will and they had mobbed the mill and broken every window. Cobden's task was not commercial, it was a problem in diplomacy and education. To tell of how he introduced schools, stopped child labor, planted flower beds and vegetable gardens, built houses and model tenements, and disciplined the workers without their knowing it, would require a book. Let the simple fact stand that he made the mill pay by manufacturing a better grade of goods than had been made, and he also raised the social status of the people. In three years his income had increased to ten thousand pounds a year ❧ ❧

"At thirty," says John Morley, "Cobden passed at a single step from the natural egotism of youth to the broad and generous public spirit of a great citizen."

Very early in his manhood Cobden discovered that he who would do an extraordinary work must throw details on others, and scheme for leisure. Cobden never did anything he could hire any one else to do. He saved himself to do work that to others was impossible. That is to say, he picked his men, and he chose men of his own type, healthy, restless, eager, enthusiastic, honest men ❧ The criticism of Disraeli that "Cobden succeeded in business simply because he got other people to do his work," is sternly true. It proves the greatness of Cobden.



AND so we find Richard Cobden, the man who never had any chance in life, thirty years old, with an income equal to thirty-five thousand dollars a year, and at the head of a constantly growing business. He had acquired the study habit ten years before, so really we need shed no tears on account of his lack of college training. He knew political history—knew humanity—and he knew his Adam Smith. And lo! cosmic consciousness came to him in a day ❧ His personal business took second place, and world-

problems filled his waking dreams. ¶ These second births in men can usually be traced to a book, a death, a person, a catastrophe—a woman. If there was any great love event in the life of Cobden I would make no effort to conceal it—goodness me! But the sublime passion was never his, otherwise there would have been more art and less economics in his nature. Yet for women he always had a high and chivalrous regard, and his strong sense of justice caused him to speak out plainly on the subject of equal rights at a time when to do so was to invite laughter.

And so let X, Miss X—symbol the cause of Richard Cobden's re-birth ❧ He placed his business in the charge of picked men, and began his world-career by going across to Paris and spending three months in studying the language and the political situation. He then moved on to Belgium and Holland, passed down through Germany to Switzerland, across to Italy, up to Russia, back to Rome, and finally took ship at Naples for England by way of Gibraltar.

On arriving at Sabden he found that while the business was going fairly well it had failed to keep the pace that his personality had set. When the man is away the mice will play—a little. Things drop down. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of everything else, and success in business most of all. ¶ Cobden knew the truth—that by applying himself to business he could become immensely rich. But if he

left things to others, at the best, he could only expect a moderate income on the capital he had already acquired. Everything is bought with a price—make your choice! Richard Cobden chose knowledge, service to mankind, and an all 'round education rather than money. He spent six months at his print mill, and again fared forth upon his journeyings.

He visited Spain, Turkey, Greece and Egypt, spending several months in each country, studying the history of the place on the spot. What interested him most was the economic reasons which led to the advance and fall of nations. In 1835 he started for America on a sailing vessel, making the passage in just five weeks. One letter to his brother from America contains the following:

I am thus far on my way back again to New York, which city I expect to reach on the 8th inst., after completing a tour through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Lake Erie to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Albany (via Auburn, Utica, Schenectady) and the Connecticut Valley to Boston and Lowell. On my return to New York, I propose giving two days to the Hudson River, going up to Albany one day, and returning the next; after which I shall have two or three days for the purpose of taking leave of my good friends in New York, previous to my going on board the Britannia on the 16th. My journey may be called a pleasure trip, for without an exception or interruption of any kind, I have enjoyed every minute of the too short time allowed me for seeing this truly magnificent

country. No writer has yet done justice to America. Her lakes, rivers, forests and cataracts are peculiarly her own, and when I think of their superiority to all that we have in the Old World, and still more, when I recollect that by a mysterious ordinance of their Creator, these were hid from 'learned ken' till modern times, I fell into the fanciful belief that the Western continent was brought forth at a second birth, and intended by nature as a more perfect specimen of her handiwork. But how in the name of breeding must we account for the degeneracy of the human form in this otherwise mammoth-producing soil? The men are but sorry descendants from the noble race that begot their ancestors; and as for the women! My eyes have not found one that deserves to be called a wholesome, blooming, pretty woman since I have been here. One-fourth part of the women look as if they had just recovered from a fit of jaundice, another quarter would in England be termed in a state of decided consumption, and the remainder are fitly likened to our fashionable women, haggard and jaded with the dissipation of a London season. There, have n't I out-trolloped Mrs. Trollope! But leaving the physical for the moral, my estimate of American character has improved, contrary to my expectations, by this visit. Great as was my previous esteem for the qualities of this people, I find myself in love with their intelligence, their sincerity, and the decorous self-respect that actuates all classes. The very genius of activity seems to have found its fit abode in the souls of this restless and energetic race.

Among other interesting items which Cobden made note of in America was that everywhere wood was

used for fuel, "excepting at Brownsville, Va., where beds of coal jut out of the hillside, and all the people have to do is to help themselves." Pittsburg interested him and he spent a week there; went to a theatre and heard England hissed and Columbia exalted. Pittsburg burned only wood for fuel, the wood being brought down on flat-boats. At Youngstown, Ohio, were three hundred horses used on the many stage coaches that centered there. There was a steamboat that ran from Cleveland to Buffalo in two days and a night, stopping seven times on the way to take on passengers and goods and wood for fuel. At Buffalo you could hear the roar of Niagara Falls and see the mist ❧ Arriving at the Canada side of the Falls he was shaved by a negro who was a runaway slave, all negroes in Canada being free.

Cobden says, "the States are not especially adapted for agricultural products, the land being hilly and heavily wooded ❧ American exports are cotton, wool, hides and lumber." It will thus be seen that in 1836 America had not been discovered.

Arriving back in England, Cobden began to write out his ideas and issue them in pamphlet form at his own expense. For literature as such, he seemed to have had little thought, literature being purely a secondary love-product.

COBDEN'S work was statistical, economic, political and philosophic. From writing he read his pamphlets before various societies and lyceums. Debates naturally followed and soon Cobden was forced to defend his theories.

He was nominated for a seat in Parliament and was defeated. Next year ran again and was elected. The political canvass had given freedom to his wings; he had learned to think on his feet, to meet interruption, to parry in debate ☙ The air became luminous with reasons ❧ ❧

England then had a tax on everything including bread. On grains and meat brought into England there was an import tax which was positively prohibitive. This tax was for the dual purpose of raising revenue for the government, and to protect the English farmer. Of course the farmer believed in this tax that prevented any other country from coming in competition with himself.

Cobden thought that food products should pass unobstructed to where they were needed, and that any other plan was mistaken and vicious. The question came up in the House of Commons and Cobden arose

to speak. Any one who then spoke of "free trade" was considered disloyal to his country. Cobden used the word and was hissed. He waited and continued to speak. "Famine is only possible where trade is restricted," and he proved his proposition by appeals to history, and a wealth of economic information that hushed the House into respectful silence. As an economist he showed he was the peer of any man present. The majority disagreed with him, but his courteous manner won respect, and his resourceful knowledge made the opposition cautious.

Soon after he brought up a public school measure, and this was voted down on the assumption that education was a luxury, and parents who wanted their children educated should look after it themselves, just as they did the clothing and food of the child. At best education should be left to the local parish, village or city government.

Cobden was in the minority; but he went back to Manchester and formed the Anti-Corn-Law League, demanding that wheat and maize should be admitted in the United Kingdom free of duty; and no tax of any kind should be placed on breadstuffs. The farmers raised a howl—incited by politicians, and Cobden was challenged to go back into farming communities and debate the question. The enemy hoped, and sincerely believed he would be mobbed. But he accepted the challenge, the debate took place, he was for the most

part treated with respect, since he convinced his hearers that agriculture was something he knew more about than did the landlords. He showed farmers how to diversify crops and raise vegetables and fruits, and if grains would flow in cheaper than they could raise them, why then take the money they received from vegetables and buy grain! It was an uphill fight, but Cobden threw his soul into it, and knew that some day it would win.

Cobden's contention was that all money necessary to run the government should be raised by direct taxation on land, property and incomes, and not on food any more than on air, since both are necessary to actual existence. To place a tariff on necessities, keeping these things out of the country and out of the reach of the plain and poor people who needed them, was an inhumanity. A tariff should be placed on nothing but articles of actual luxury—things people can do without—but all necessities of life should flow by natural channels, unobstructed ❧ An indirect tax is always an invitation to extravagance on the part of government, and also, it is a temptation to favor certain lines of trade at the expense of others, and so is class legislation. Government must exist for all the people, never for the few, and the strong and powerful must consider the lowly and the weak.

The landed gentry upheld the Corn Laws and used the word "commercial" as an epithet. Very naturally

they made their tenants believe that if free trade were allowed, the farmers would be worse than bankrupt, and commercialism rampant ✍ Cobden stood for the manufacturing public and the cities. The landlords tried to disparage Cobden by declaring that smoky, dirty Birmingham was his ideal. Cobden's task was to make England see that the less men tampered with the natural laws of trade the better, and that no special class of citizens should suffer that others might be prosperous, and that business and manufacturing must and could be rescued from their low estate and be made honorable. And so the fight went on. From a curiosity to hear what Cobden might say, interest in the theme subsided, and the opposition adopted the cheerful habit of trooping out to the cloak room whenever Cobden arose to speak.

Cobden had at least one very great quality which few reformers have, he was patient with the fools. Against stupidity he never burst forth in wrath ✍ Impatience with stupidity is a fine mark of stupidity. He knew the righteousness of his cause, and repeated and kept repeating his arguments in varied form. His platform manner was conversational and friendly. He often would use the phrase, "Come, let us just talk this matter over together." And so he quickly established close, friendly terms with his hearers, which, while lacking the thrill of oratory, made its impress upon a few who grew to love the man. John Bright tells of

"the mild, honest look of love and genuineness that beamed from his eyes," and which told the story even better than his words.



AND so the Anti-Corn-Law agitation continued. Sir Robert Peel, as head of the Ministry, sought in every possible way to silence Cobden and bring him into contempt, even to denouncing him as a "dangerous agitator who would, if he could, do for London, what Robespierre did for Paris." But time went on as time does, and Cobden had been before the country as the upholder of unpopular causes for more than ten years. There was famine in Ireland. By the roadside famishing mothers held to their withered breasts dying children, and called for help upon the passers-by. Cobden described the situation in a way that pierced the rhinoceros hides of the landlords, and they offered concessions of this and that. Cobden said, "Future generations will stand aghast with amazement when they look back upon this year and see children starving for bread in Ireland, and we forbidding the entry of corn into the country with a pro-

hibitive tariff, backing up this law with loaded guns." ¶ The common people began to awake ☙ If famine could occur in Cork and Dublin, why not in Manchester and London? The question came close, now. The Anti-Corn-Law League saw its opportunity. Mass meetings were held in all cities and towns. In Manchester, Cobden asked for funds to carry on the agitation. He himself headed the list with a thousand pounds. Twenty-three manufacturers followed his lead in three minutes. Windsor and Westminster now sat up and rubbed their sleepy eyes, and Sir Robert Peel sent word to Cobden asking for a conference. Cobden replied, "All we desire is an immediate repeal of the Corn Laws—no conference is necessary." ¶ Sir Robert Peel sent in his resignation as Prime Minister, saying he could not in conscience comply with the demands of the mob, and while compliance seemed necessary to avoid revolution, others must make the compromise. The Queen then appointed Lord John Russell Prime Minister and ordered him to form a new Cabinet and give an office to Cobden. Lord Russell tried for four days to meet the issue, and endeavored to placate the people with platitude and promise. Cobden refused all office, and informed Lord Russell that he preferred to help the crown by remaining an outside advocate.

Every Government, at the last, is of the people, by the people, but whether for the people depends upon

whether the people are awake. And now England did not care for a radical change of rulers, all the citizens wanted was that those in power recede from their position and grant the relief demanded ☙ The Queen now reconsidered the resignation of Sir Robert Peel and refused to accept it, and he again assumed the reins. An extraordinary session of the House of Commons was called and the Corn Laws were repealed. The House of Lords concurred. The nobility absolutely routed, and Cobden, "the sooty manufacturer," had won.

Strangely enough, panic did not follow, nor did the yeomanry go into bankruptcy. The breadstuffs flowed in, and the manufacturing population being better fed, at a less outlay than formerly, had more money to spend ☙ Great general prosperity followed, and the gentry, who had threatened to abandon their estates if the Corn Laws were repealed, simply raised their rents a trifle and increased the gaming limit.

Sir Robert Peel publicly acknowledged his obligation to Cobden, and Lord Palmerston, who had fought him tooth and nail, did the same, explaining, "A new epoch has arisen, and England is a manufacturing country, and as such the repeal of the Corn Laws became desirable." As though he would say, "To have had free trade before this new epoch arose, would have been a calamity." A large sum had been subscribed but not used in the agitation. And now by

popular acclaim it was decided that this money should go to Cobden personally as a thank-offering ❧ When the proposition was made, new subscriptions began to flow in until the sum of eighty thousand pounds was realized. Cobden's business had been neglected. In his fight for the good of the nation his own fortune had taken wing. He announced his intention of retiring from politics and devoting himself to trade, and this was that which, probably, caused the tide to turn his way. He hesitated about accepting the gift, which amounted to nearly half a million dollars, but finally he concluded that only by accepting could he be free to serve the state, and so he acceded to the wishes of his friends ❧ Some years later, Lord Palmerston offered him a baronetcy and a seat in the cabinet, but he preferred to still help the state, as an outside advocate ❧ ❧

John Morley, the strongest and sanest of modern English statesmen, says, "Cobden had an intrepid faith in the perfectibility of man ❧ His doctrine was one of non-intervention; that the powerful can afford to be lenient; that mankind continually moves toward the light if not too much interfered with. ❧ By his influence the darker shapes of repression were banished from the education of the young; the insane were treated with a consideration before unknown; the criminal was regarded as a brother who deserved our gentlest consideration and patience;

the time-honored and ineffective processes of violence and coercion fell into abeyance, and a rational moderation and enlightenment appeared on the horizon ❧ He elevated and refined the world of business, just as he benefited everything he touched. His early death at the age of sixty-one seemed a calamity for England, for we so needed the help of his generous, gentle and unresentful spirit ❧ He lived not in vain; yet years must pass before the full and sublime truths for which he stood are realized."





Thomas Paine

THOMAS PAINE

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it NOW, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated.

—THE CRISIS

GREAT REFORMERS



HOMAS PAINE was an English mechanic, of Quaker origin, born in the year 1737. He was the author of four books that have influenced mankind profoundly. These books are, "Common Sense," "The Age of Reason," "The Crisis," and "The Rights of Man."

In 1774, when he was thirty-seven years old he came to America bearing letters of introduction from Benjamin Franklin.

On arriving at Philadelphia he soon found work as editor of "The Pennsylvania Magazine."

In 1775, in the magazine just named, he openly advocated, and prophesied a speedy separation of the American Colonies from England. He also threw a purple shadow over his popularity by declaring his abhorrence of chattel slavery.

His writings, from the first, commanded a profound attention, and on the advice and suggestion of Dr. Benjamin Rush, an eminent citizen of Philadelphia, the scattered editorials and paragraphs on human rights, covering a year, were gathered, condensed, revised, made into a book.

This "pamphlet," or paper-bound book, was called "Common Sense."

In France, John Adams was accused of writing "Common Sense." He stoutly denied it, there being several allusions in it stronger than he cared to stand sponsor for.

In England, Franklin was accused of being the author, and he neither denied nor admitted it. But when a lady reproached him for having used the fine alliterative phrase, applied to the king, "That Royal British Brute," he smiled and said blandly, "Madame, I would never have been as disrespectful to the brute creation as that."

¶ "Common Sense" struck the keynote of popular feeling, and the accusation of "treason," hurled at it from many sources, only served to advertise it. It supplied the common people with reasons, and gave statesmen arguments. The legislature of Pennsylvania voted Paine an honorarium of five hundred pounds, and the University of Pennsylvania awarded him the degree of "Master of Arts," in recognition of eminent services to literature and human rights. John Quincy Adams said, "Paine's pamphlet, 'Common Sense,' crystallized public opinion and was the first factor in bringing about the Revolution."

Rev. Theodore Parker once said, "Every living man in America in 1776, who could read, read 'Common Sense,' by Thomas Paine. If he were a Tory, he read it, at least a little, just to find out for himself how atrocious it was; and if he was a Whig, he read it all to find the reasons why he was one. This book was the

arsenal to which colonists went for their mental weapons."

As "Common Sense" was published anonymously and without copyright, and was circulated at bare cost, Paine never received anything for the work, save the twenty-five hundred dollars voted to him by the legislature.

When independence was declared, Paine enlisted as a private, but was soon made aide-de-camp to General Greene. He was an intrepid and effective soldier and took an active part in various battles.

In December 1776 he published his second book, "The Crisis," the first words of which have gone into the electrotype of human speech, "These are the times that try men's souls." The intent of the letters which make up "The Crisis" was to infuse courage into the sinking spirits of the soldiers & Washington ordered the letters to be read at the head of every regiment, and it was so done.

In 1781 Paine was sent to France with Col. Laurens to negotiate a loan & The errand was successful, and Paine then made influential acquaintances, which were later to be renewed. He organized the Bank of North America to raise money to feed and clothe the army, and performed sundry and various services for the Colonies.

In 1791 he published his third book, "The Rights of Man," with a complimentary preface by Thomas Jef-

ferson. The book had an immense circulation in America and England. By way of left-handed recognition of the work, the author was indicted by the British Government for "sedition." A day was set for the trial but as Paine did not appear,—those were hanging days—and could not be found, he was outlawed and "banished forever."

He became a member of the French Assembly, or "Chamber of Deputies," and for voting against the death of the king, came under suspicion, and was imprisoned for one year, lacking a few weeks. His life was saved by James Monroe, America's minister to France, and for eighteen months he was a member of Monroe's household.

In 1794 while in France, there was published simultaneously in England, America and France, Paine's fourth book, "The Age of Reason."

In 1802 Thomas Jefferson, then president of the United States, offered Paine passage to America on board the man-of-war "Maryland," in order that he might be safe from capture by the English who had him under constant surveillance, and were intent on his arrest, regarding him as the chief instigator in the American Rebellion. Arriving in America, Paine was the guest for several months of the president at Monticello. His admirers in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York gave banquets in his honor, and he was tendered grateful recognition on account of his services

to humanity and his varied talents. He was presented by the State of New York "in token of heroic work for the Union," a farm at New Rochelle, eighteen miles from New York, and here he lived in comparative ease, writing and farming.

He passed peacefully away, aged seventy-two in 1809, and his body was buried on his farm, near the house where he lived, and a modest monument erected marking the spot ✍ He had no Christian burial, although unlike Mr. Zangwill, he had a Christian name. Nine years after the death of Paine, William Cobbett, the eminent English reformer, stung by the obloquy visited upon the memory of Paine in America, had the grave opened and the bones of the man who wrote the first draft of our Declaration of Independence, were removed to England, and buried near the spot where he was born. Death having silenced both the tongue and pen of the Thetford weaver, no violent interference was offered by the British government. So now the dead man slept where the presence of the living one was barred and forbidden ✍ A modest monument marks the spot ✍ Beneath the name are these words, "The world is my country, mankind are my friends, to do good is my religion."

In 1839 a monument was erected at New Rochelle, New York, on the site of the empty grave where the body of Paine was first buried, by the lovers and admirers of the man. And while only one land claims his

birthplace, three countries dispute for the privilege of honoring his dust, for in France there is now a strong movement demanding that the remains of Thomas Paine be removed from England to France, and be placed in the Pantheon, that resting place of so many of the illustrious dead who gave their lives to the cause of Freedom, close by the graves of Voltaire, Rousseau and Victor Hugo. And the reason the bones were not removed to Paris, was because only an empty coffin rests in the grave at Thetford, as at New Rochelle. Rumor says that Paine's skull is in a London museum, but if so, the head that produced "The Age of Reason" cannot be identified. And the end is not yet!



THE genius of Paine was a flower that blossomed slowly. But life is a sequence and the man who does great work has been in training for it. There is nothing like keeping in condition, one does not know when he is going to be called upon. Prepared people do not have to hunt for a position—the position hunts for them. Paine knew no more about what he was getting ready for than did Benjamin Franklin,

when at twenty he studied French, evenings, and dived deep into history.

The humble origin of Paine and his Quaker ancestry were most helpful factors in his career. Only a working man who had tasted hardship could sympathize with the over-taxed and oppressed. And Quakerdom made him a rebel by pre-natal tendency. Paine's schooling was slight but his parents, though poor, were thinking people, for nothing sharpens the wits of men, preventing fatty degeneration of the cerebrum, like persecution ☙ In this respect the Jews and Quakers have been greatly blessed and benefited—let us congratulate them. Very early in life Paine acquired the study habit ☙ And for the youth who has the study habit no pedagogic tears need be shed. There were debating clubs at coffee-houses where great themes were discussed; and our young weaver began his career by defending the Quakers. He acquired considerable local reputation as a weaver of thoughts upon the warp and woof of words. Occasionally he occupied the pulpit in dissenting chapels.

These were great times in England—the air was all a-throb with thought and feeling. A great tidal wave of unrest swept the land. It was an epoch of growth, second only in history to the Italian Renaissance. The two Wesleys were attacking the church and calling upon men to methodize their lives and eliminate folly; Gibbon was writing his "Decline and Fall;" Burke,

in the House of Commons, was polishing his brogue; Boswell was busy blithering about a book concerning a man; Captain Cook was sailing the seas finding continents; the two Pitts and Charles Fox were giving the king unpalatable advice; Horace Walpole was setting up his private press at Strawberry Hill; the Herschels—brother and sister—were sweeping the heavens for comets; Reynolds, West, Lawrence, Romney and Gainsborough were founding the first school of British Art; and Hume, the Scotchman, was putting forth arguments irrefutable. And into this seething discontent came Thomas Paine, the weaver, reading, studying, thinking, talking, with nothing to lose but his reputation. He was twenty-seven years of age when he met Ben Franklin, at a coffee-house in London. Paine got his first real mental impetus from Franklin. Both were working men. Paine sat and watched and listened to Franklin one whole evening, and then said, "What he is I can at least in part become" ✍ Paine thought Franklin quite the greatest man of his time, an opinion he never relinquished, and which also, among various others held by Paine, the world has now finally accepted.



AINE at twenty-four, from a simple weaver, had been called into the office of his employer to help straighten out the accounts. He tried store-keeping but with indifferent success. Then it seems he was employed by the Board of Excise on a similar task. Finally he was given a position in the Excise. This position he might have held indefinitely, and been promoted in the work, for he had clerical talents which made his services valuable. But there was another theme that interested him quite as much as collecting taxes for the government, and that was the philosophy of taxation. This was very foolish in Thomas Paine—a tax collector should collect taxes, and not concern himself with the righteousness of the business, nor about what becomes of the money.

Paine had made note of the fact that England collected taxes from Jews but that Jews were not allowed to vote, because they were not "Christians," it being assumed that Jews were neither as fit intellectually or morally to pass on questions of state as members of the "Church". In 1771 in a letter to a local paper he used the phrase, "The iniquity of taxation without representation," referring to England's treatment of

the Quakers. About the same time he called attention to the fact that the Christian religion was built on the Judaic, and that the reputed founder of the established religion was a Jew and his mother a Jewess, and to deprive Jews of the right of full citizenship, simply because they did not take the same view of Jesus that others did was a perversion of the natural rights of man. This expression, "The natural rights of man" gave offense to a certain clergyman of Thetford who replied that man had no natural rights, only privileges, all the rights he had were those granted by the crown. Then followed a debate at the coffee-house followed by a rebuke from Paine's superior officer in the Excise, ordering him to cease all political and religious controversy on penalty.

Paine felt the smart of the rebuke; he thought it was unjustified, in view of the fact that the excellence of his work for the government had never been questioned. So he made a speech in a dissenting chapel explaining the situation. But explanations never explain, and his assertion that the honesty of his service had never been questioned was put out of commission the following week by the charge of smuggling. His name was dropped from the official pay-roll until his case could be tried, and a little later he was peremptorily discharged. The charge against him was not pressed—he was simply not wanted, and the statement by the head exciseman that a man working for

the government should not criticise the government was pretty good logic, anyway. Paine, however, contended that all governments exist for the governed, and with the consent of the governed, and it is the duty of all good citizens to take an interest in their government and if possible show where it can be strengthened and bettered.

It will thus be seen that Paine was forging reasons—his active brain was at work, and his sensitive spirit was writhing under a sense of personal injustice ❧ One of his critics—a clergyman—said that if Thomas Paine wished to preach sedition there was plenty of room to do it outside of England. Paine followed the suggestion, and straightway sought out Franklin to ask him about going to America.

❧ Every idea that Paine had expressed was held by Franklin and had been thought out at length. Franklin was thirty-one years older than Paine, and time had tempered his zeal, and beside that, his tongue was always well under control and when he expressed heresy he seasoned it with a smile and a dash of wit that took the bitterness out of it ❧ Not so Paine—he was an earnest soul, a little lacking in humor, without the adipose which is required for a diplomat.

Franklin's letters of introduction show how he admired the man—what faith he had in him—and it is now believed that Franklin advanced him money, that he might come to America.

William Cobbett says: As my Lord Grenville introduced the name of Burke, suffer me, my Lord, to introduce that of a man who put this Burke to shame, who drove him off the public stage to seek shelter in the pension list, and who is now named fifty million times where the name of the pensioned Burke is mentioned once ✍ The cause of the American Colonies was the cause of the English Constitution, which says that no man shall be taxed without his own consent. A little cause sometimes produces a great effect; an insult offered to a man of great talent and unconquerable perseverance has in many instances produced, in the long run, most tremendous effects; and it appears to me very clear that the inexcusable insults, offered to Mr. Paine while he was in the Excise in England, was the real cause of the Revolution in America; for, though the nature of the cause of America was such as I have before described it; though the principles were firm in the minds of the people of that country; still, it was Mr. Paine, and Mr. Paine alone, who brought those principles into action.

Paine's part in the Revolutionary War was most worthy and honorable. He shouldered a musket with the men at Valley Forge, carried messages by night through the enemy's country, acted as rear guard for Washington's retreating army, and helped at break of day to capture Trenton, and proved his courage in various ways ✍ As clerk, secretary, accountant and financier he did excellent service.

Of course, there had been the usual harmonious discord that will occur among men hard-pressed, over-

worked, where nerve-tension finds vent at times in acrimony. But through all the nine weary years before the British had enough, Paine had never been censured with the same bitterness which had fallen upon the heads of Washington and Jefferson. Even Franklin came in for his share of blame, and it was shown that he expended an even hundred thousand pounds in Europe, with no explanation of what he had done with the money ✍ When called upon to give an accounting for the "yellow dog fund," Franklin simply wrote back, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." And on the suggestion of Thomas Paine the matter was officially dropped.

Paine was a writing man—the very first American writing man—and I am humiliated when I have to acknowledge that we had to get him from England. He was the first man who ever used these words, "The American Nation," and also these, "The United States of America." Paine is the first American writer who had a literary style, and we have not had so many since but that you may count them on the fingers of one hand. Note this sample of antithesis: "There are but two natural sources of wealth—the earth and the ocean,—and to lose the right to either, in our situation, is to put the other up for sale."

Here is a little tribute from Paine's pen to America which some of our boomers of boom towns might do well to use:

America has now outgrown the state of infancy. Her strength and commerce make large advances to manhood; and science in all its branches has not only blossomed, but even ripened upon the soil ❧ The cottages as it were of yesterday have grown into villages, and the villages to cities; and while proud antiquity, like a skeleton in rags, parades the streets of other nations, their genius as if sickened and disgusted with the phantom, comes hither for recovery. America yet inherits a large portion of her first-imported virtue. Degeneracy is here almost a useless word. Those who are conversant with Europe would be tempted to believe that even the air of the Atlantic disagrees with the constitution of foreign vices; if they survive the voyage they either expire on their arrival, or linger away with an incurable consumption. There is a happy something in the climate of America which disarms them of all their power both of infection and attraction. ¶ Ease, fluidity, grace, imagination, energy, earnestness, mark his work ❧ No wonder is it that Franklin said, "Others can rule, many can fight, but only Paine can write for us the English tongue." And Jefferson, himself a great writer, was constantly, for many years, sending to Paine manuscript for criticism and correction. In one letter to Paine, Jefferson adds this postscript, "You must not be too much elated and set up when I tell you my belief that you are the only writer in America who can write better than your obliged and obedient servant—Thomas Jefferson."

PAINE was living in peace at Bordentown in the year 1787. The war was ended—the last hostile Britisher had departed, and the country was awakening to prosperity. Paine rode his mettlesome old war-horse "Button," back and forth from Philadelphia, often stopping and seating himself by the roadway to write out a thought while the horse that had known the smell of powder quietly nibbled the grass. The success of Benjamin Franklin as an inventor had fired the heart of Paine. He devised a plan to utilize small explosions of gunpowder to run an engine, thus anticipating our gas and gasoline engines by near a hundred years. He had also planned a bridge to span the Schuylkill. Capitalists were ready to build the bridge, provided Paine could get French engineers, then the greatest in the world, to endorse his plans. So he sailed away to France, intending also to visit his parents in England, instructing his friends in Bordentown, with whom he boarded, to take care of his horse, his room and books with all his papers, for he would be back in less than a year. He was fifty years old. It was thirteen years since he had left England, and he felt that his transplantation to a new soil had not

been in vain. England had practically exiled him, but still the land of his birth called, and unseen tendrils tugged at his heart. He must again see England, even for a brief visit, and then back to America, the land that he loved and which he had helped to free.

And destiny devised that it was to be fifteen years before he was again to see his beloved "United States of America."

Arriving in France, Paine was received with great honors. There was much political unrest and the fuse was then being lighted that was to cause the explosion of 1789. However, of all this Paine knew little. He met Danton, a freemason, like himself, and various other radicals. "Common Sense" and "The Crisis" had been translated into French, printed and widely distributed, and inasmuch as Paine had been a party in bringing about one revolution, and had helped carry it through to success, his counsel and advice were sought. A few short weeks in France, and Paine having secured the endorsement of the Academy for his bridge, went over to England preparatory to sailing for America.

Arriving in England, Paine found that his father had died but a short time before. His mother was living, aged ninety-one, and in full possession of her faculties. The meeting of mother and son was full of tender memories. And the mother, while not being able to follow her gifted son in all of his reasoning yet fully

sympathized with him in his efforts to increase human rights. The Quakers, while in favor of peace, are yet revolutionaries, for their policy is one of protest. Paine visited the old Quaker church at Stratford, and there seated in the silence, wrote these words:

¶ When we consider, for the feelings of nature cannot be dismissed, the calamities of war and the miseries it inflicts upon the human species, the thousands and tens of thousands, of every age and sex who are rendered wretched by the event, surely there is something in the heart of man that calls upon him to think! Surely there is some tender chord, tuned by the hand of the Creator, that still struggles to emit in the hearing of the soul a note of sorrowing sympathy ❧ Let it then be heard, and let man learn to feel that the true greatness of a nation is founded on principles of humanity, and not on conquest ❧ War involves in its progress such a train of unforeseen and unsupposed circumstances, such a combination of foreign matters, that no human wisdom can calculate the end. It has but one thing certain, and that is to increase taxes ❧ I defend the cause of the poor, of the manufacturer, of the tradesman, of the farmer, and of all those on whom the real burthen of taxes fall—but above all, I defend the cause of women and children—of all humanity ❧

Edmund Burke hearing of Paine's presence in England, sent for him to come to his house. Paine accepted the invitation, and Burke doubtless got a few interesting chapters of history at first hand. "It was equal to meeting Washington and perhaps better, for Paine

is more of a philosopher than his chief," wrote Burke to the elder Pitt.

Paine saw that political unrest was not confined to France—that England was in a state of evolution, and was making painful efforts to adapt herself to the progress of the times ✍ Paine could remember a time when in England women and children were hanged for poaching; when the insane were publicly whipped, and when, if publicly expressed, a doubt concerning the truth of scripture meant exile or to have your ears cut off ✍ ✍

Now he saw the old custom reversed and the nobles were bowing to the will of the people. It came to him that if the many in England could be educated, the Crown having so recently received its rebuke at the hands of the American Colonies, that a great stride to the front could be made ✍ Englishmen were talking about their rights. What are the natural rights of a man? He began to set down his thoughts on the subject. These soon extended themselves into chapters. The chapters grew into a book—a book which he hoped would peacefully do for England what "Common Sense" had done for America. This book, "The Rights of Man," was written at the same time that Mary Wollstonecraft was writing her book, "The Rights of Women" ✍ ✍

In London, Paine made his home at the house of Thomas Rickman, a publisher. Rickman has given us

an intimate glimpse into the life of the patriot, and told us among other things that Paine was five feet ten inches high, of an athletic build, and very fond of taking long walks. Among the visitors at Rickman's house who came to see Paine were Dr. Priestly, Horne Tooke, Romney, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Duke of Portland and Mary Wollstonecraft. It seems very probable that Mrs. Wollstonecraft read to Paine parts of her book, for very much in his volume parallels hers, not only in the thought but in actual wording. Whether he got more ideas from her than she got from him, will have to be left to the higher critics. Certain it is that they were in mutual accord, and that Mrs. Wollstonecraft had read "Common Sense" and "The Rights of Man" to a purpose.

It was too much to expect that a native born Englishman could go across the sea to British Colonies and rebel against British rule and then come back to England and escape censure. The very popularity of Paine in certain high circles centered attention on him. And Pitt, who certainly admired Paine's talents, referred to his stay in England as "indelicate."

England is the freest country on earth. It is her rule to let her orators unmuzzle their ignorance and find relief in venting grievances upon the empty air. In Hyde Park any Sunday one can hear the same sentiments for the suppression of which Chicago paid in her Haymarket massacre. Grievances expressed are

half cured, but England did not think so then ❧ The change came about through a thirty years' fight, which Paine precipitated.

The patience of England in dealing with Paine was extraordinary. Paine was right, but at the same time he was as guilty as Theodore Parker was when indicted by the State of Virginia along with Ol' John Brown ❧ ❧

"The Rights of Man" sold from the very start, and in a year fifty thousand copies had been called for ❧ Unlike his other books this one was bringing Paine a financial return. Newspaper controversies followed, and Burke the radical, found himself unable to go the lengths to which Paine was logically trying to force him ❧ ❧

Paine was in Paris, on a visit, on that memorable day which saw the fall of the Bastille. Jefferson and Adams had left France and Paine was regarded as the authorized representative of America, and in fact he had been doing business in France for Washington. Lafayette in a moment of exultant enthusiasm gave the key of the Bastille to Paine to present to Washington, and as every American schoolboy knows, this famous key to a sad situation now hangs on its carefully guarded peg at Mt. Vernon ❧ Lafayette thought that without the example of America, France would never have found strength to throw off the rule of kings, and so America must have the key to the detested door

that was now unhinged forever. "And to me," said Lafayette, "America without her Thomas Paine is unthinkable" ❧ The words were carried to England and there did Paine no especial good ❧ But England was now giving Paine a living—there was a market for the product of his pen—and he was being advertised both by his loving friends and his rabid enemies.

¶ Paine had many admirers in France, and in some ways he felt more at home there than in England. He spoke and wrote French. However, no man ever wrote well in more than one language although he might speak intelligently in several; and the orator using a foreign tongue never reaches fluidity. "Where liberty is there is my home," said Franklin. And Paine answered, "Where liberty is not, there is my home." The newspaper attacks had shown Paine that he had not made himself clear on all points, and like every worthy orator who considers, when too late, all the great things he intended to say, he was stung with the thought of all the brilliant things he might have said, but had not.

And so straightway he began to prepare Part II. of "The Rights of Man." The book was printed in cheap form similar to "Common Sense," and was beginning to be widely read by working men.

"Philosophy is all right," said Pitt, but it should be taught to philosophical people. If this thing is kept up London will re-enact the scenes of Paris."

Many Englishman thought the same. The official order was given, and all of Paine's books that could be found were seized and publicly used for a bonfire by the official hangman. Paine was burned in effigy in many cities, the charge being made that he was one of the men who had brought about the French Revolution. With better truth it could have been stated that he was the man, with the help of George III., who brought about the American Revolution. The terms of peace made between England and the Colonies granted amnesty to Paine and his colleagues in rebellion, but his acts could not be forgotten, even though they were nominally forgiven. This new firebrand of a book was really too much, and the author got a left-handed compliment from the Premier on his literary style—books to burn!

Three French provinces nominated him to represent them in the Chamber of Deputies ✍ He accepted the solicitations of Calais, and took his seat for that province.

He knew Danton, Mirabeau, Marat and Robespierre. Danton and Robespierre respected him and often advised with him ✍ Mirabeau and Marat were in turn suspicious and afraid of him. The times were feverish, and Paine, a radical at heart, here was regarded as a conservative. In America the enemy stood out to be counted; the division was clear and sharp, but here the danger was in the hearts of the French themselves.

¶ Paine argued that of all things we must conquer our own spirits, and in this new birth of freedom not imitate the cruelty and harshness of royalty against which we protest. "We will kill the king, but not the man," were his words. But with all of his tact and logic he could not make his colleagues see that to abolish the kingly office, not to kill the individual, was the thing desired.

So Louis, who helped free the American colonies, went to the block, and his enemy, Danton, a little later, did the same. Mirabeau, the boaster, had died peacefully in his bed; Robespierre, who signed the death warrant of Paine, "to save his own head," died the death he had reserved for Paine; Marat, "the terrible dwarf," horribly honest, fearfully sincere, jealous and afraid of Paine, hinting that he was the secret emissary of England, was stabbed to his death by a woman's hand.

And amid the din, escape being impossible, and also undesirable, Thomas Paine wrote the first part of the "Age of Reason."

The second part was written in the Luxembourg prison, under the shadow of the guillotine. But life is only a sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve. Prison, to Paine, was not all gloom.

The jailer, Benoit, was good-natured and cherished his unwilling guests as his children ❧ When they left for freedom or for death, he kissed them, and gave

each a little ring in which was engraved the single word, "Mizpah." But finally Benoit, himself, was led away, and there was none to kiss his cheek, nor to give him a ring and cry cheerily, "Good luck, Citizen Comrade! Until we meet again!"

A GREAT deal has been said by the admirers of Thomas Paine about the abuse and injustice heaped upon his name, and the prevarications concerning his life, by press and pulpit and those who profess a life of love, meekness and humility. But we should remember that all this vilification was really the tribute that mediocrity pays genius. To escape censure one only has to move with the mob, think with the mob, do nothing that the mob does not do—then you are safe ❧ The saviors of the world have usually been crucified between thieves, despised, forsaken, spit upon, rejected of men. In their lives they seldom had a place where they could safely lay their weary heads, and dying their bodies were either hidden in another man's tomb or else subjected to the indignities which the living man failed to survive:

torn limb from limb, eyeless, headless, armless, burned and the ashes scattered or sunk in the sea.

And the peculiar thing is that most of this frightful inhumanity was the work of so-called good men, the pillars of society, the respectable element, what we are pleased to call "our first citizens," instigated by the Church that happened to be power. Socrates poisoned, Aristides ostracized, Aristotle fleeing for his life, Jesus crucified, Paul beheaded, Peter crucified head downward, Savonarola martryred, Spinoza hunted, tracked and cursed, and an order issued that no man should speak to him nor supply him food or shelter, Bruno burned, Galileo imprisoned, Huss, Wyclif, Latimer and Tyndale used for kindling—all this in the name of religion, institutional religion, the one thing that has caused more misery, heartaches, bloodshed, war, than all other causes combined. Leo Tolstoy says, "Love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy, tenderness exist in the hearts of men, and are the essence of religion, but try to encompass these things in an institution and you get a church—and the Church stands for and has always stood for coercion, intolerance, injustice and cruelty."

No man ever lifted up his voice or pen in a criticism against love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy and tenderness. And if he had, do you think that love, truth, compassion, service, sympathy, tenderness would feel it necessary to go after him with stocks,

chains, thumbscrews and torches? ¶ You cannot imagine it.

Then what is it goes after men who criticize the prevailing religion and show where it can be improved upon? Why, it is hate, malice, vengeance, jealousy, injustice, intolerance, cruelty, fear.

The reason the church does not visit upon its critics today the same cruelties that it did three hundred years ago is simply because it has not the power ❧ Incorporate a beautiful sentiment and hire a man to preach and defend it, and then buy property and build costly buildings in which to preach your beautiful sentiment, and if the gentleman who preaches your beautiful sentiment is criticized he will fight and suppress his critics if he can. And the reason he fights his critics is not because he believes the beautiful sentiment will suffer, but because he fears losing his position which carries with it ease, honors and food, and a parsonage and a church, taxes free.

Just as soon as the gentleman employed to defend and preach the beautiful sentiment grows fearful about the permanency of his position, and begins to have gooseflesh when a critic's name is mentioned, the beautiful sentiment evaporates out of the window, and exists only in that place forever as a name ❧ The church is ever a menace to all beautiful sentiments, because it is an economic institution, and the chief distributor of degrees, titles and honors.

Anything that threatens to curtail its power it is bound to oppose and suppress, if it can. Men who cease useful work in order to devote themselves to religion, are right in the same class with women who quit work to make a business of love. Men who know history and humanity and have reasonably open minds are not surprised at the treatment visited upon Paine by the country he had so much benefited ❧ Superstition and hallucination are really one thing, and fanaticism, which is mental obsession, easily becomes acute and the whirling dervish runs amuck at sight of a man whose religious opinions are different from his own ❧ ¶ Paine got off very easy; he lived his life, and expressed himself freely to the last. Men who discover continents are destined to die in chains. That is the price they pay for the privilege of sailing on, and on, and on, and on.

Said Paine: The moral duty of a man consists in imitating the moral goodness and beneficence of God manifested in the creation towards all creatures. That seeing as we daily do, the goodness of God to all men, it is an example calling upon all men to practice towards each other, and consequently that everything of persecution and revenge between man and man, and everything of cruelty to animals is a violation of moral duty.



HE pen of Paine made the sword of Washington possible ✍ And as Paine's book, "Common Sense," broke the power of Great Britain in America, and the "Rights of Man" gave free speech and a free press to England, so did the "Age of Reason" give pause to the juggernaut of orthodoxy ✍ Thomas Paine was the legitimate ancestor of Hosea Ballou who founded the Universalist church, and also of Theodore Parker who made Unitarianism in America an intellectual torch.

Channing, Ripley, Bartol, Martineau, Frothingham, Hale, Curtis, Collyer, Swing, Thomas, Conway, Leonard, Savage, Crapsey, yes—even Emerson and Thoreau, were spiritual children, all, of Thomas Paine. He blazed the way and made it possible for men to preach the sweet reasonableness of reason. He was the pioneer in a jungle of superstition. Thomas Paine was the real founder of the so-called Liberal Denominations and the business of the liberal denominations has not been to become great, powerful and popular, but to make all other denominations more liberal. So today in all so-called orthodox pulpits one can hear the ideas of Paine, Henry Frank & B. Fay Mills expounded.



John Knox

JOHN KNOX

THE repentance of England requireth two things: first, the expulsion of all dregs of popery and the treading under foot of all glistering beauty of vain ceremonies. Next, no power or liberty must be permitted to any, of what estate, degree, or authority they be, either to live without the yoke of discipline by God's word commanded, or to alter one jot in religion which from God's mouth thou hast received. If prince, king or emperor would enterprise to change or disannull the same, that he be the reputed enemy to God, while a prince who erects idolatry must be adjudged to death.

—JOHN KNOX

GREAT REFORMERS

JOHN KNOX the Scotchman, Martin Luther the German, and John Calvin the Frenchman, were contemporaries. They constitute a trinity of strong men who profoundly influenced their times; and the epoch they made was so important that we call it "The Reformation." They form the undertow of that great tidal wave of reason and commonsense, called the Italian Renaissance. And as the chief business of the Hahnemanian school of medicine was to dilute the dose of the allopaths, and the Christian Scientists confirmed the homeopaths in a belief concerning the beauties of the blank tablet, so did Luther, Calvin and Knox neutralize the arrogance of Rome, and dilute the dose of despotism.



NOX, Luther and Calvin were hunted men ❧ They lived stormy, tumultuous lives, torn by plot and counter-plot. Very naturally their religion is filled with fever and fear, and their God is jealous, revengeful, harsh, arbitrary, savage—a God of wrath.

Only a bold man, rough and coarse, could have defied the reigning powers and done the work which destiny had cut out for John Knox to do. His power lay in the hallucination that his utterances were final expressions of truth. Had he known more he would have done less.

Life is a sequence and we are what we are because this man lived ❧ To the memory of John Knox we acknowledge our obligation; but we realize that for us to accept and adopt the conclusions and ideals of one who lived in such tempestuous times is no honor to ourselves, nor him.

The Christian Church has preached five special phases of belief, as follows: 1—Religion by definition. 2—Religion by submission. 3—Religion by substitution. 4—Religion by culture. 5—Religion by service. ¶ All of these phases overlap, more or less, and the difference in sects consists simply in the amount of

emphasis which is placed upon each or any particular phase. And this is largely a matter of temperament. The Catholic Church emphasizes definition above all things; you are told the nature of evil, the God-head, the trinity, the sacraments, the "elements" are explained, and the syllabus and catechism play most important parts. Before you are confirmed you have to memorize many definitions: little girls of ten glibly explain the difference between a mortal and a venal sin, and boys in knee breeches discourse upon the geography of other worlds, and the state of sinners after death.

Next to Religion by Definition is Religion by Submission, and usually they go together. Persons too stupid to define can still submit. Service is not an essential, and in fact service without definition is usually regarded hideous, "The righteousness of an unbeliever being as filthy rags." However, if it were not for the service rendered by the monks, priests and nuns, the Catholic Church could never have retained its hold upon humanity. Its schools, asylums, hospitals and houses of refuge have been its excuse for existence, and the undoing of the infidel. But service with the Catholic Church is emphasized only for the priesthood—the laity being simply asked to define, submit and pay. Culture and character are left to natural selection, and the thought that any person but a priest could have either is a very modern hy-

pothesis. In way of Religion by Definition, Saint Paul was the great modern exponent. That the Theological Quibbler's Club existed long before his time we know full well. In fact, the chief invective of Jesus against Judaism was that it had degenerated into a mere matter of dispute concerning intricate nothings.

When Paul was brought before Gallio, the brother of Seneca, Gallio paid his respects to the same quibbling propensities against which Jesus had inveighed by saying, "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: but if it be a question of words and names, and of your laws, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters."

Pity and piety have nothing necessarily to do with Religion by Definition. We can all recall men of acute minds who thought themselves pious, who had bartered their souls away in order to become senior wranglers. Intellect lured them on into wordy unseemliness; their skill in forensics became a passion, and to embarrass and defeat the antagonist became the thing desired, not the pursuit of truth. They fell victims to their facility in syntax and prosody—semi-Solomons in scriptural explanations, waxing wise in defining the difference twixt hyssop and myrrh.

Forty years ago no town in America was free from joint debates where the disputants would argue six nights and days together concerning vicarious salva-

tion, baptism, regeneration, justification and the condition of unbaptised infants after death. Debates of this kind set the entire populace by the ears, and at post office, tavern, grocery, family table, and even after the disputants had gone to bed, reasons nice, and subtleties hair-splitting were passed back and forth, until finally the party getting worsted fell back on maternal pedigrees and epithet took the place of logic. ¶ If the matter ended merely with the weapons of wordy warfare it was fortunate and well, for these eyes have seen a camp meeting where single-trees, neck-yokes, harness-tugs and scalding water augmented arguments concerning fore-ordination as taught by John Calvin and free-will as defined by John Knox.

Theological wrangles belong essentially to a pioneer people: an earnest, stubbornly honest people, whose lives are given over to a battle with the elements and the brute forces of nature, always argufy.

Submission is not recognized in their formula excepting as a word, and their abnegation takes the form of a persistent pursuit of the thing desired by following another trail. Such persons are always very proud, and the thing upon which they most pride themselves is their humility, and absence of pride.

" Morality comes only after physical self-preservation is secure," says Herbert Spencer, and with culture it is the same, and so the word is not in the bright lexi-

con of pioneers. All of their service is of the Connecticut variety—if you need things, they have them for sale. And so we get the wooden nutmeg enterprise, and the peculiar incident of the New Haven man at the Pan-American Fair, who sold wooden nutmegs for charms and bangles. But one day running out of wooden nutmegs, he went to a wholesale grocer and bought a bushel of the genuine ones, and these he palmed off upon the innocent and unsuspecting, until he was brought to book on the charge of false pretences. Human service, as taught by Jesus of Nazareth, has only been tried in a very spasmodic way, except for advertising purposes. The world has now, for the first time in history, reached a point where as a vital problem the production of wealth is secondary to the question of how we shall distribute it. And so the Religion of Service is being seriously considered, and perhaps will soon be given a trial. The man who said that the number of marriages was in exact ratio to the price of corn, spoke wisely ✍ What he meant was that physical well-being directly affects all of our social relations. It is exactly the same with our religion. Economics and religion are very closely related. People in a certain physical environment have a certain religion. A tired and overworked people, enslaved as chattels or by the spirit of the times, find solace in a mournful religion, and a haven of rest hereafter. Also in the contemplation of a hell for those who be-

lieve differently from what they do. They sing, "All days will be Sunday by and by," or "Sweet Rest in Heaven." If they are oppressed by debt and mortgages that gnaw, they sing "Jesus paid it all, yes, all the debt I owe." A warlike people whose wealth has come from conquest will shout the English National Hymn and take joy in such lines as, "Confound their knavish tricks," expressed as a prayer.

The Religion of Culture flowers best in those with seven generations of New England clerical ancestry, or a carefully pruned F. F. V. family tree ❧ It goes with just a little and not too much C. B. & Q. and Old Colony eight per cent guaranteed, or wide ancestral acres. Most Unitarians & Episcopalians hold a caveat on culture and have character by the scruff. The Religion of Culture has a flavor of thyme and mignonette, and a gleam of old silver plate handed down as heirlooms ❧ It means leisure, books on the shelf, well filled woodsheds, and cellars stocked with vegetables. ¶ It is leisurely, kindly, intelligent, gentle, beautiful. The Religion of Culture is exclusive, and slips easily into social caste, which is spiritual and mental ankylosis. Its disadvantages are that to pursue culture is to frighten her far afield, and have her elude you. To strive for character is to lose it.

People who strive for health are headed for the sanatorium, for vitality plus comes only to those who do not think much about it, and likewise character is

evolved best by those who forget character and lose their lives in service. Dyspeptics are people who have no faith in their digestive apparatus. ¶ The Reformation revolved around Definition and Substitution. We escape the doom we deserve through the death of some one else. This belief in Substitution goes with an age that never doubted the beauty of capital punishment and was worked out by men familiar with block, broad-axe and basket. Luther, Calvin and Knox possessed the elements of Submission, Character and Service only in rudimentary form. Substitution and Definition were their corner-stones.



HAT sturdy reformer, Martin Luther, was born in 1483. He was nine years old when Columbus turned the prow of his caraval to the west and persistently sailed on.

Luther's father was a miner—a day laborer—and the lad's childhood was grim and cheerless. He sang on the streets, and held out a ragged cap for pennies. His fine, sweet voice caught the ear of a priest, and the boy's services were used at the altar. The lad was alert, active, intelligent,

ambitious. Very naturally he was educated for the priesthood. He became a monk, and evolved into a preacher of worth and power.

A prosperous and successful church always produces a class of dignitaries given over to sloth and sensuality. From a sublime idea, with a desire to benefit and bless, the church degenerates into an institution for the distribution of honors and an engine for punishment for all who oppose it ☙ To Martin Luther religion was a matter of the heart, and his soul was filled with the thought of service. At the same time he had ability in the matter of definition. He began calling upon the church to reform, and demanding that priests repent. Very naturally the priests thought it absurd for Luther to try to bring the righteous to repentance. They laughed. Later they scowled. Then they called on Dr. Luther to mend his manners, and not make the church and himself ridiculous in the eyes of the world.

Had Luther had an eye on the main chance he would at this time have pulled in his horns, and chosen other texts, and been promoted in due course to a bishopric, for although the man was small in stature yet he carried the crown of his head high and his chin in. What he had before simply stated he now began to prove. The strong hand of authority, gloved in imitation velvet here lifted Luther out of a position of power and honor as "District Vicar," a place that

spelled promotion, and put him back as a grade school teacher. Had the Pope been really infallible and the church authorities all-wise, they would have killed Luther, and that would a' been an end o' it. Leniency just then was an error in judgment. Luther set about bolstering his mental position. The more he thought about it the more firmly convinced, was he, that his cause was just.

Where thinkers are, there is thought. Thinkers think anywhere, in country, village, town—in prison. Wittenberg was obscure, over half of the students were charity boys, the professors were thin, dyspeptic and glum, or fat and opinionated—all repeated the things they had been taught, save Martin Luther alone. ¶ And on the thirty-first day of October, 1517, Luther tacked upon the church door his theses of ninety-five propositions, and offered to debate them 'gainst all the church fathers that could be mustered.

Trite, indeed, are the propositions now. Rome has really accepted them all, even to that one which hints that we, too, are divine in degree, just like our Elder Brother. Challenges on the church doors of colleges were common, but when coming from a semi-silenced priest, and directed at the Pope's emissary, ah! that was different. Even at that, the whole affair would have been lost in local oblivion, had not the few zealous boys who loved Luther started their two printing presses in the cellar of the church, and worked night

and day pulling proofs. The printing presses did it! Without the type-setter, the make-ready man, and the sturdy lads who pulled the lever, Luther's voice would not have reached across the campus.

But lo! Luther was talking to the world, not to sleepy Wittenberg. Luther was requested to appear at the Vatican—more properly the Castle Angelo. He ignored the invitation. Another summons followed & Luther went into hiding. He was arrested, tried and condemned, and sentence suspended. Again tried, this time by the Emperor and the Electors, and again condemned. The formal sentence of death only awaited, and then for him the faggots would flare and the flames crackle.

His friends captured him, they of the printing presses, helped by others, and bore him away to a prison where his enemies could not follow. Many a man has been thrown into prison by his enemies, but who besides Luther was so treated by his friends! Public sentiment was with him—Germany stood by him—but best of all the printers pulled the proofs, and four-page folders edited by Martin Luther went fluttering all over the world, protesting man's right to think.

¶ So lived out his days, did Martin Luther, on parole, under sentence of death, working, thinking, writing, printing. And over in France a serious, sober young man—keen, mentally hungry, translated one of Luther's pamphlets into French and printed it for his

school-fellows. Having printed it, he had to explain it, and next to defend it—and also his action in having printed it. The young man's name was Jean Chauvain. He spelled it "Caulvain" or "Calvain." The world knows him as John Calvin.

JOHN CALVIN was a Frenchman, but it is well to remember that the typical Frenchman, like the typical Irishman and his brother the Jew, exist only in the comic papers, and on the vaudeville stage ❧ The frivolous and the mercurial were not in Calvin's make-up. ¶ The parents of Calvin were of that same sturdy, seafaring type that produced Millet, Auguste Rodin, Jules Breton, and other simple, earnest and great souls who have done great deeds ❧ Calvin was the true Huguenot type.

Peasant ancestry and a nearness to the soil are necessary conditions in the formation of characters who are to re-map continents, artistic or theological ❧ The Puritan is a necessary product of his time.

However Calvin had the advantage of one remove from actual hardship, and this evidently refined his

intellect, and relieved him of world stage-fright. His father was a notary or steward in the employ of the De Mommor family. Very naturally the boy mixed with the scions of royalty on an equal footing, for pom-pom-pull-away knows no caste, and a boy 's a boy for a' that. At twelve years of age, he felt himself quite as noble as those of noble blood, and so expressed himself to his playmates. Probably they found it convenient to agree with him. Their nickname for him was, "The Accusative."

The world accepts a man at the estimate he places upon himself. There was a De Mommor lad the same age of John Calvin, and one three years older. In his studies he set them both a pace, and so correct and diligent was he that when the De Mommor lads were sent down to Paris, the tutor insisted that John Calvin should go to, and a benefice was at once made out for him providing that he should be educated for the priesthood. Legend has it that at this time, being then fifteen years old, he admonished his parents in the way of life, and instructed them how to conduct themselves during his absence.

At eighteen he was preaching, and soon after was given a living and placed in charge of a country parish. It was about this time, when he was between nineteen and twenty years of age, that a copy of one of Luther's pamphlets fell into his hands. It was a pivotal point. Thrones were to totter, families be rent in twain,

millions of minds receive a bias! This serious, sober young priest, freshly tonsured, took the pamphlet to his garret and read it. Then he set about to refute it. Luther's arguments did not so much interest Calvin as did the man himself, the man who had defied authority ❧ ❧

And really Calvin did not like the man—Luther's rollicking, coarse and blunt ways repelled this studious and ascetic youth. The one thing that Calvin admired in Luther was his self-reliance. Suddenly it came over Calvin that life should be religion and religion should be life, and that in the claims of the priesthood there was a deal of pretence.

In refuting Luther he grew to admire him. He resolved to eliminate the tonsure and dress in citizen's clothes. His resolution stuck, and as soon as his hair was grown out, he went home and told his father and patron that he had abandoned theology and wished to study law. And so he was sent to Orleans and placed in the office of the eminent judge, Peter de Stella.

But theology is a matter of temperament, and instead of writing briefs, Calvin began translating Luther's Bible into French. He was requested to relinquish this pastime long enough to draw up a legal opinion concerning the divorce of our old friend Henry the Eighth.

¶ Calvin was never wrung by days of doubt nor nights of pain. He parted from the church without a struggle, and adopted as his motto, "If God be for us, who can

be against us." ¶He again began to preach. He was a duly ordained priest in, technically, good standing in the Catholic Church. He had all the confidence of a sophomore—age did not wither him, nor could custom stale his infinite variety. He questioned and contradicted everybody, young or old, regardless of position. But so cleanly was the man's mode of life, so intellectual, so personally unselfish and sincere was he, that although heretics were being burned in France by twos and sevens, yet for several years no hand was laid upon him.

Finally, in spite of the De Mommers, a legal notice was served upon Calvin, signed by King Francis in person, asking him to desist, and giving him three months to get back in the theological traces, making peace with his superiors.

Calvin always had a taste for printing, and now at his own expense he translated the "De Clementia" of Seneca into French and had the book printed, dedicating it to the king. This was his brief for clemency and at the same time an argument for free speech. Seneca's father had a college of oratory, and Seneca said, "Let the people talk, if they be right the king cannot be harmed, but if they be wrong they will merely hurt themselves: kings can afford to exercise clemency." ¶The book was really an insult to the king, since it assumed that Francis had never read Seneca. This doubtless was a fact, but Francis instead of studying

up on the old Roman, simply issued an order for the arrest of Calvin. Calvin quit Paris in hot haste, and no doubt thereby saved his head.

Dr. Servetus, a physician and learned monk from Spain was then in Paris giving popular lectures "against Lutherism and such other similar forms of grievous error." Servetus was a "Papal Delegate," what we would call "a revivalist." Calvin thought Servetus had him especially in mind. So he issued a challenge at long distance to publicly debate the issues. Servetus accepted the challenge, but the arrangements fell through. Calvin found refuge in Strasburg, then at Basle, being politely sent along from each place, finally reaching Geneva. He was then twenty-four years old.

¶At Geneva he at once made his presence felt by attempting to organize a reformed or independent Catholic Church ☙ For this he was asked to leave and then was expelled, living in retirement in the mountains. Two of the syndics who had brought about his expulsion died, as even syndics do, and Calvin returned, informing the populace that the death of the syndics was a punishment upon them for their lack of welcome to a good man and true.

From this time Calvin turned Geneva into a theocracy, and the city was sacred to prayer, praise and Bible study. Students flocked from all over Christendom to hear the new gospel expounded ☙ They came from Germany, France, England and Scotland. The air was

full of unrest ✍ And among others who came out of curiosity, to study or perhaps because they were not needed at home, was a man from Edinburgh. He was six years younger than Calvin, but very much like him in temperament.

His name was John Knox.

Servetus was a rhetorician, controversialist, and diplomat—gentle, considerate, gracious. He belonged to that suave and cultured type of Catholic that wins to the Church princes and people of education and wealth ✍ He has been likened by John Morley to Cardinal Newman.

After Calvin reached Geneva he entered into a long correspondence with Dr. Servetus, and the debate which had been planned was carried on by correspondence ✍ Servetus proposed to Calvin that the postponed debate should take place in Geneva. Calvin replied that if Servetus came to Geneva he would burn him alive.

Now there were really many more Catholics in Switzerland than dissenters or "Protestants," and Servetus knowing Calvin's weakness for exaggeration did not take his threat seriously. So Servetus journeyed by leisurely stages southward, on his way to Naples, but he never reached there. He stopped at Geneva, like other pilgrims, "to study the new religion."

Geneva was the home of free speech, and this being so, Servetus had just as good a right there as Calvin.

But Calvin looked upon the coming of Servetus as a menace, and honestly thought, no doubt, that Servetus was in the personal employ of the Vatican, with intent to collect evidence against "the new faith." Calvin aroused the community into a belief that their rights were being jeopardized.

Servetus was arrested and thrown into prison. The charge was heresy—a charge that at this safe distance, makes us smile. But the humor of heretics charging heretics with heresy and demanding that they should be punished, did not dawn upon John Calvin.

Heresy is a matter of longitude and time.

The trial lasted from August until September.

Calvin supplied the proof of guilt by bringing forward the many letters written him by Servetus. The prisoner did not deny the proof, but instead sought to defend his position. Calvin replied at length, and thus did the long postponed debate take place.

The judges decided in favor of Calvin.

The next day Servetus was burned alive in the public square.

"I interceded for him," said John Calvin, "I interceded for him—I wanted him beheaded, not burned."

THE encyclopedia records that John Knox was born at Haddington, Scotland, in the year 1505. As to the place there is no doubt, but as for the time, Andrew Lang, after much research, places the date 1515. ¶Usually men, eke women, bring the date of their birth forward, but Knox with much care set his back. He justified himself in this, because when he was twenty, he was explaining the difference between truth and error with great precision, and to give the words weight he added ten years to his age, explaining to a finnicky friend that at twenty he knew more than any man of thirty that could be produced. And this was doubtless true.

John Knox came of a respectable family of the middle class. He was independent, blunt, bold, coarse, with an underground village vocabulary acquired in his childhood that he never quite forgot.

At the grammar school he was the star scholar, and at St. Andrews quickly took front rank and set his teachers prophesying. And the peculiar part is that all of their prophecies came true, which proves for us that infant prodigies sometimes train on.

John Knox became a priest, and a preacher of power

before he was twenty-five. In temperament he was very much such a man as Luther, save that Luther was considerable of a joker. Luther had more common-sense than Knox, but what Knox lacked in humor he made up in learning. In fact, his love of learning was his chief weakness. He was as self-reliant as a black Angus. At twenty-six Knox made a vow that he would no longer kneel. This led to a rebuke from Cardinal Beaton, followed by the retort courteous.

About this time he met George Wishart, and the men became fast friends. Four years passed and a chapter in history was played that wrenched the stern nature of John Knox, and for once broke up the icy fastness of his heart and caused his tears to flow. That was the burning at the stake of Wishart on the campus in front of St. Andrews.

That his alma mater should lend itself to such a horrible crime in the name of justice caused Knox to break forth in curses that reached the ears of those in power, and had he not fled, the fate that overtook Wishart would have been his.

George Wishart was of Scottish birth, but had spent some time in Germany, and had caught the spirit of Luther. All accounts agree that he was a gentle and worthy character, and very moderate in his expressions. He was a teacher at Cambridge, and his first offence seems to have been that he translated the New Testament from Greek into English, without permission.

He came to St. Andrews and gave a course of lectures, it being the custom then for colleges to "exchange pulpits." Knox attended these lectures and heard Wishart for the first time. The Catholics making a demonstration against Wishart, Knox became one of a volunteer body-guard.

Wishart being on familiar terms with the great men of Edinburgh, was chosen by Henry the Eighth for the very delicate errand of going to Scotland and interceding for the hand in marriage of Mary Stuart, the infant "Queen of Scots," with Edward the infant son of our old friend. Wishart seemed to have been an unwilling tool in this matter, and his action set Catholic Scotland violently against him.

Persecution pushed him on into unseemly speech, and Cardinal Beaton set the sure machinery in motion that ended in the death of this strong, earnest and simple man who had not yet reached the height of his powers.

The fires that consumed the body of George Wishart fired the heart of John Knox, and from that hour he was the avowed foe of the papacy.

Two years later Cardinal Beaton was assassinated by "parties unknown." But Knox, having often cheerfully referred to Beaton as "a son of Beelzebub," was accused of hatching the plot, even though he did not personally take a hand in executing it.

Shortly after the death of Beaton, Knox believing the

atmosphere had cleared, came back to Edinburgh and preached at the Castle. Soon he had quite a following, but of people whom he himself says in his "History of the Reformation," were "gluttons, wantons and licentious revelers, but who yet regularly and meekly partook of the sacrament." Knox saw plainly this peculiar paradox, that every reformer is followed and professed by law-breakers who consider themselves just like him. These rogues who took the sacrament regularly were the cause of much annoyance to Knox, and gave excuse for many accusations against him.

Knox preached a sermon entitled "Killing no Murder," attempting to show how when men used their power to subjugate other men, that their death becomes a blessing to every one.

The Castle was stormed by Catholics, in which a brigade of French took part. Knox and various others were taken to France, and there set to work as galley slaves. Escaping through connivance he made his way to Geneva, attracted by the fame of Calvin.

But his heart was in Scotland and in a year he was back once more on the heather calling upon the papal heathen to repent.

John Knox was in Geneva three different times. He was a heretic, too, and his heresy was of the same kind as that of Calvin. And as two negatives make an affirmative so do two heretics, if they are strong enough, transform heresy into orthodoxy. To be a

heretic you have to be in the minority and stand alone. ¶ Calvin had a high regard for Knox, but they were too much alike to work together in peace. Calvin was never in England, and in fact never learned to speak English, but Knox spoke French like a native, having improved the time while in prison in France by studying the language. There were several hundred English refugees in Geneva, and Calvin appointed Knox pastor of the English church. This was in 1554, the year following the death of Servetus. Knox deprecated the death of "The Papal Delegate," but looked upon it lightly, a mere necessity of the times, and "a due and just warning to the pope and the followers of the Babylonish harlot."



HEN Luther was forty-two he married "Catherine the Nun," a most noble and excellent woman of about his own age who encouraged him in his very trying position and sustained him in time of peril.

Calvin married Idalette de Bures, the widow of an Anabaptist whom he converted Calvin was not a lover by nature, and explained to the

world that his marriage was simply a harmless necessary defi to Rome. Happily the venture proved a better scheme than he wist, and after some years, he wrote, "I would have died without the helpmeet God sent me, my wife, who never opposed me in anything." John Knox was married when thirty-eight to the winsome Marjorie Bowes, aged seventeen, the fifth child of Mary Bowes whom he had ardently wooed in his youth. His boast to the mother that "Providence planned that you should reject me in order that I might do better," was an indelicate slant by the right oblique. ¶Marjorie withered in the cold, keen atmosphere of theological definition, and died in a few years.

And then fate sent a close call for the Reformer in the daring, dashing person of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary's mother was Mary of Guise, a French woman discreetly married to King James of Scotland. Knox always bore a terrible hatred toward Mary of Guise, and all French people for that matter, for his little term in the galleys. His book, "The Monstrous Regiment of Women," had Mary Tudor, Mary of Guise, and Mary Queen of Scots in mind. Queen Elizabeth paid a compliment to the worth of the author by outlawing him for "his insult to virtuous womanhood." ¶Men who hate women are simply suffering from an overdose. Knox was a woman-hater who always had one especially attractive woman upon his list, with intent to make of her a Presbyterian. In this he was

as steadfast as the leader of a colored camp meeting.

¶ Mary Queen of Scots, had no more landed on Scottish soil from Catholic France than Knox fled, fearing for his head. Ere long he came back and sought a personal interview with the young queen, just turned twenty, "with intent to bring her heart to Jesus." They seemed to have talked of other themes for "she was exceeding French and frivolous and stroked my beard when I sought to explain to her the wickedness of profane dancing."

Then Mary tried her hand at converting Knox to the "Mother Church." And as a last inducement legend has it that she offered to marry him if he would become a Catholic. Here John Knox coughed and hesitated—she was getting near his price. He said he saw the devil's tail behind her chair. He rushed from her presence, quaking with fear.

Stormy interviews followed, backed up by handy epithets in which they both proved expert. It was a pivotal point. Had John Knox married Mary Queen of Scots there would have been no Presbyterian Church, no Princeton, no Dr. McCosh, no Grover Cleveland.

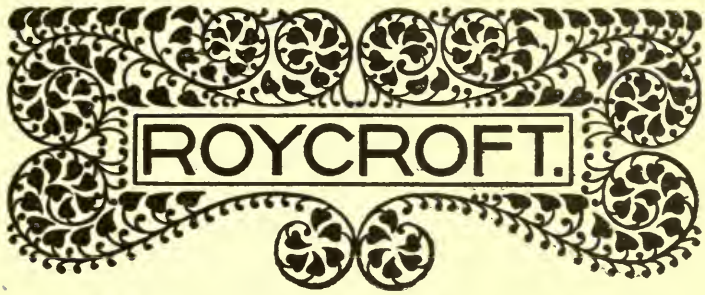
¶ On March 20th, 1563, the banns were read between John Knox and Margaret "Stewart," or Stuart, daughter of Lord Ochiltree, and a forbear of our own Tom Ochiltree. The young lady was two months past sixteen years old. The Queen was furious, for the girl being of Royal blood, "should really have consulted

me before renouncing her religion for this praying and braying man with long whiskers."

There was full and just cause for indignation, for although Mary was then safely wedded to Darnley, preparing to have him assassinated, (and later to lose her own head) she yet regarded John Knox as her private property.

Marriage merely added another trouble to the stormy and burdened life of our great reformer. He had successfully fought the powers of Rome; the queenly daughter of Henry the Eighth, and Anne Boleyn had found him incorrigible and given him up as a hopeless case; Calvin could not tame him, but now a chit of a girl with retrousse nose, who should have been at work in a paper-box factory led him a merry dance, and the voice that had thundered threat and defiance piped in forced assent. December strawberries, I am told, lack the expected flavor. ¶ When Knox died, he left a widow aged twenty-five, come Michaelmas. She wore deep mourning and so did Mary Queen of Scots, but Mary explained that her deep veil was merely to hide her smiles. ¶ In two years the widow married Andrew Ker, notorious for having once leveled a pistol at the Queen. The widow survived Knox just sixty-two years, and died undeceived, not realizing that she had once been wedded to a man who had shaped a great religion—one whom Carlyle, his countryman, calls the master mind of his day.

HERE ENDETH VOLUME XX OF THE LITTLE JOURNEYS, THE SAME BEING TO THE HOMES OF GREAT REFORMERS AS WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD. THE TITLE-PAGE AND INITIALS DESIGNED BY ROYCROFT ARTISTS, AND THE WHOLE DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP, WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK, MCMVII


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